

BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
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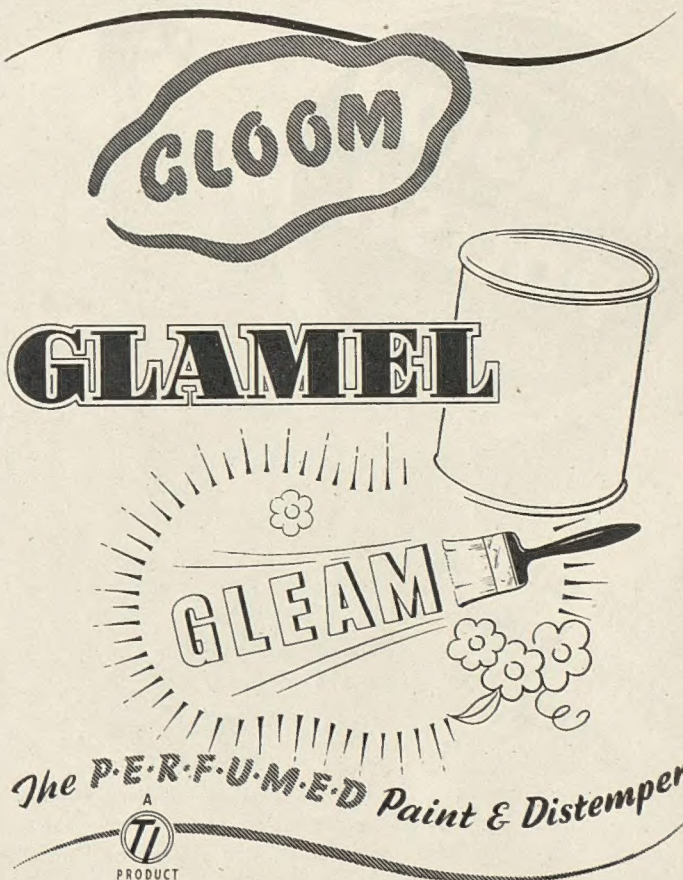
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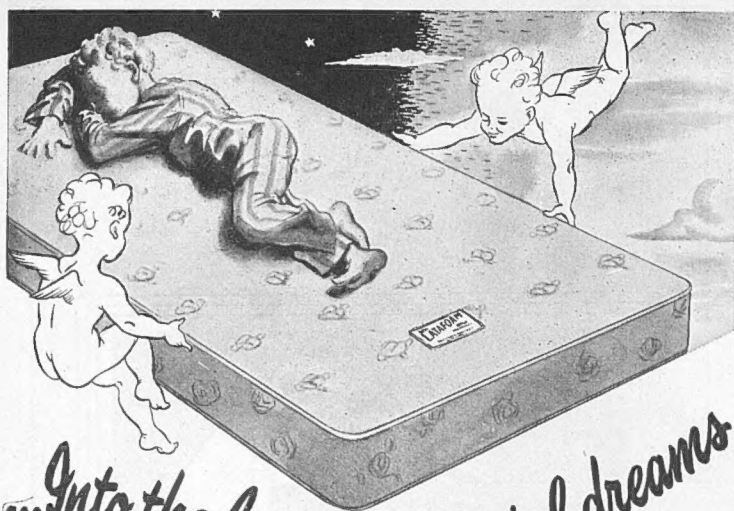


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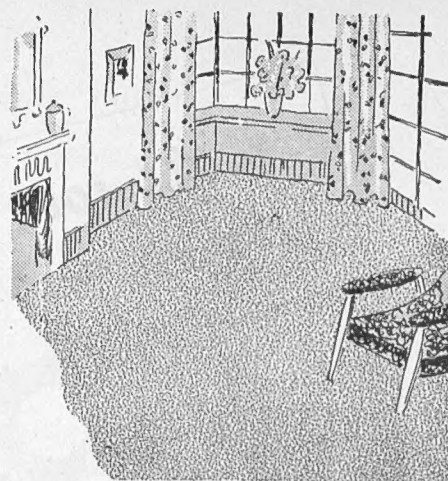
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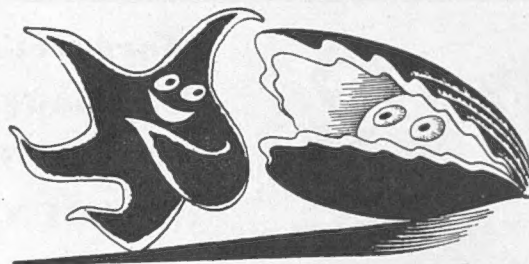
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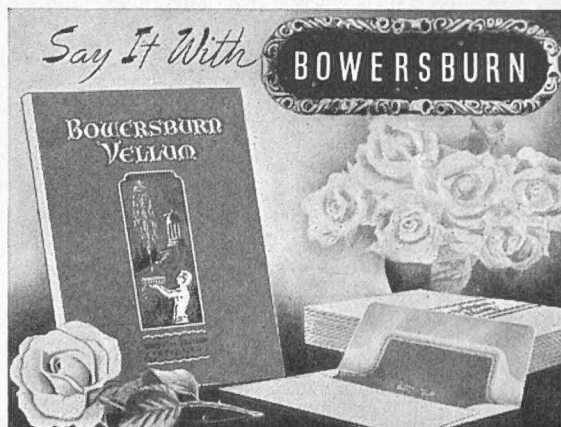
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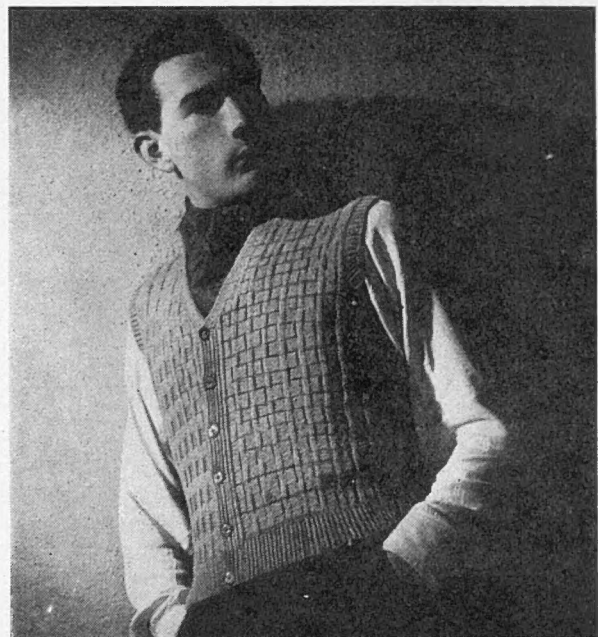


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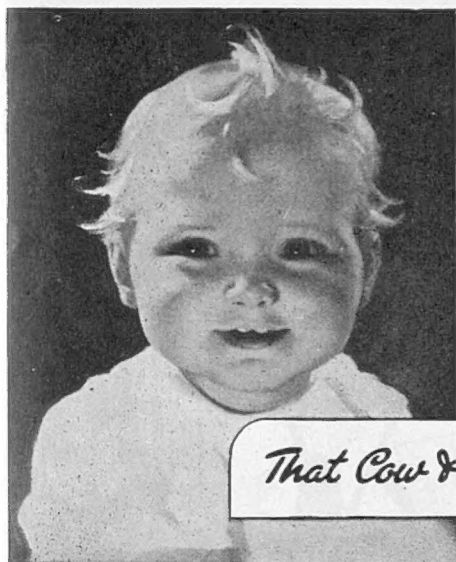
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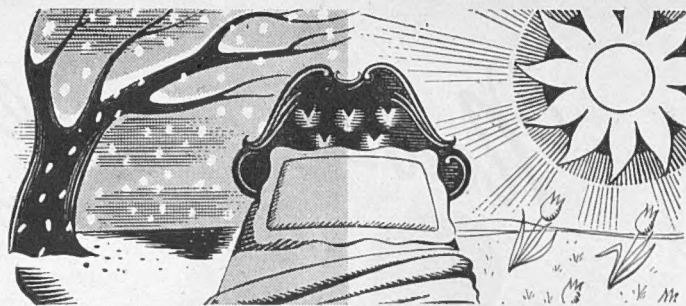
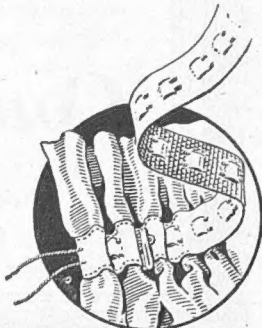
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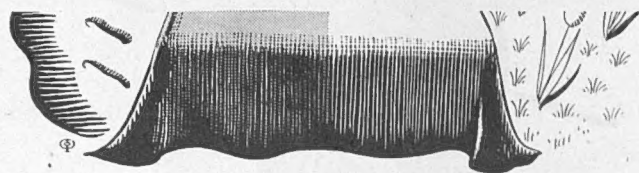
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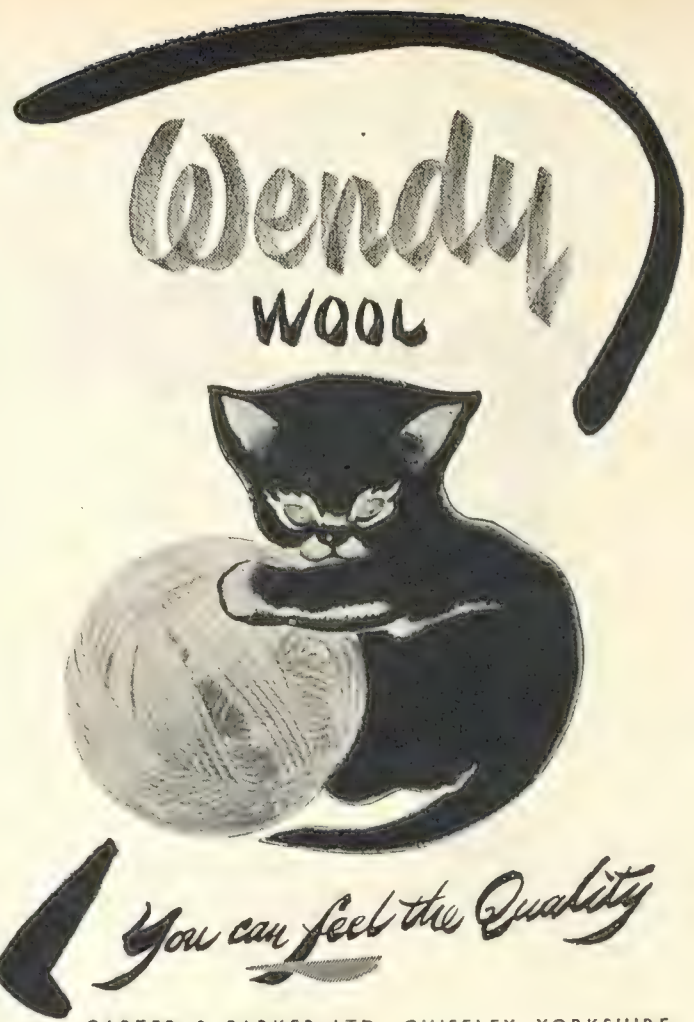
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SAFE? Of course it was safe. The idea of giving a party, of meeting these people, had been biting at his mind like a persistent flea. He'd been scared at first; but that didn't exterminate the idea. He felt better now, going into action, facing it. Common sense assured him that it was what his natural self would have done. That, he persuaded himself, was the way of safety. To behave as a normal man would.

No murderer is normal.

He'd been clever enough to examine himself objectively and discover that.

The faces of these people had haunted him. He'd seen the accusation in their eyes. Now, he told himself: "Just one evening of being calm and strong. One evening and I shall be safely through the gates of fear."

It was worth the effort. Wasn't it?

He reached for a pencil and began to scribble some names on the back of an envelope. Here, again, he was doing something which was unnecessary. He knew who should be invited; but it was the normal, ordinary thing to do. Perhaps, in case anybody should find the scrap of paper, he should add a couple of names and then delete them. Not at the top, though—say half-way down the list.

He made a beginning. Sheila. He paused. She was a Mrs. Flane now, married to a smart young solicitor. A bit cold-blooded, inviting the daughter of the man you'd murdered. Even though he was becoming accustomed to

his new self there were moments such as this, when he experienced an ice-cold revulsion. There was a little shudder, which he tried unsuccessfully to stop.

Then: "My normal self would have invited her," he said slowly. That clinched it.

encourage a man, to give him a sense of superiority?

And Gilbert Home laughed.

SHEILA FLANE looked downwards at her sherry glass; seriously, as though expecting to divine something from the amber liquid.

"I didn't know whether to come or not," she confessed. "I was afraid that it might make me miserable. You see, although I didn't know Daddy well and hadn't seen him for years, he was a sort of promise. Like a wonderfully mysterious box which mustn't be opened until you're twenty-one. So when he—he was murdered it knocked something out of the future. I'd anticipated so much, looking ahead to the time when I should be able to discover him for myself." She forced a smile. "So now the only way I can satisfy all those unfulfilled desires is by questioning everybody who knew him."

Judge O'Farrell looked at her with kindly concern. "Don't let it become an obsession," he cautioned. "We rarely

know people thoroughly, not even those who are nearest to us. And some people are very difficult to know; you reach no farther than the atmosphere which is about them." He lowered his voice. "Your father was like that."

"So I've suspected. I'm convinced that Mother never even began to understand him. Their marriage became completely negative. They didn't quarrel, they didn't take their troubles to each other, they didn't share hopes—or fears.



Writing firmly, he set down the next name. James O'Farrell. Retired judge from the Sudan. Quite a skirmish with the law! A young solicitor—he couldn't ask Sheila without her husband—and a shrewd old judge. The confidence which had possessed him on the night of the murder returned. Now that it was definitely to happen, it would be amusing. Facing them all, talking about the unsolved mystery, and knowing the truth all the time. Wasn't that sufficient to

In the end they no longer lived together. There was nothing, apart from the exchange of a few letters in lukewarm tones, formal greetings on fixed dates. And, of course, he made adequate financial arrangements. But I always suspected that Mother was to blame for sins of omission."

O'Farrell smiled. "There was a certain amount of omission about your father," he said gently. "He'd always accept invitations charmingly; but never remember to turn up. If I wanted him to come and see me I had to send for him. Of course, all that was years back; before he went farther East. I heard from him when he reached Singapore; but he could never remember to write letters. It wasn't long before our correspondence withered."

"And that's all you can tell me?"

He'd a trick when he was thinking, she noticed, of stroking a hand over his white hair. Irrelevantly, she wondered if he used to do it when he wore a wig—assuming judges in the Sudan wore wigs.

"So difficult to think of anything on the spur of the moment," he said. "Tomorrow I shall recall something and feel sorry that it's belated. At the moment, all that I can remember is a long evening which we stretched as far as the dawn talking about the old Arab poets. He'd an amazing faculty for learning a language and merging into the country of his interest."

"That's well said," interjected Gilbert Home, who had just come across the room to join them.

"So you know that we're talking about my father?" asked the girl.

Home smiled. "I can't think of any man those words would apply to better. He used to amaze me. I had to make do with Malay and pidgin English; but he could speak to the merchants fluently—either in Canton or Mandarin. There are lots of Chinese in Singapore, you know. Another thing that bewildered me: he made two or three visits to China and acquired friends there. He used to write to them—in Chinese! As for me—I couldn't understand any of their basic symbols; not right up to the time when I left."

"Please," Sheila said, suddenly very serious, "you will tell us everything you know—won't you?"

Home's mood changed to match her own. "I don't look forward to it," he confessed. "I admit, though, that I anticipated some sort of request along those lines—"

"In fact," said O'Farrell shrewdly, "that was probably at the back of your mind when you invited us. Previously we'd had to depend upon brief comments in the Press and one or two letters. Now you're back we naturally expect to hear as much of the story as you can give us. I think you've done wisely; gathered together like this, it should be less of an ordeal."

Home's thoughts echoed the last words ironically. "Less of an ordeal." But he said, quite calmly: "Yes, that was my reason. I'm glad you approve the wisdom of it. But are you certain you want to know? I mean, it's a pretty unsatisfactory business. I can't solve the mystery—there's a gap in my story there."

"Yes, please!" Sheila cried. "I want to know everything you can tell us."

"Very well," Home promised. "After dinner." He gave them a friendly nod, and wandered away to join two other guests.

Sheila looked appealingly at O'Farrell. "When he does tell us," she said, "keep beside me, will you? As Robert couldn't come with me, I feel a bit alone."

"Of course," O'Farrell promised. "And look—as your husband's away in Liverpool you might like to come back with me. My sister will be delighted to see you." He sighed. "I'm afraid our house is too often a gathering-place for the old and infirm."

"That's sweet of you." She hesitated.

"I think I will." And again she paused. "Do you believe in atmosphere?" she demanded.

"As a man of law I don't believe anything until it's proved; neither do I disbelieve. I've known old houses, though, which have left me uncomfortable. This isn't old. Home was lucky to get it, housing being what it is. But he doesn't seem to be short of money. That's a bit queer, because I remember hearing that he'd scarcely a bean when he went out to work for your father." A distant look crept into his eyes. "But the East is a place where the most unlikely people acquire wealth." He suddenly became aware that he'd drifted right away from her question. "What sort of atmosphere do you mean?" he asked.

"Suspense," she said.

"I expect you're a bit keyed up about this story Home is going to tell us," he said thoughtfully. "Don't let it get you that way, if you can help it. Try to think of it as a gathering of men who were friendly with your father."



Gilbert Home stood at a small table and looked at the people who were sitting watching him. The people he most feared in the world.

"That's what makes it seem unreal. They all knew him—yet I barely know them. You're the only one I've met before."

His eyes twinkled. "They'll thaw a bit later on. You'll find that Weston's a nice fellow. He used to skipper a merchant ship which was on the Far East run. Then there's Craik; he's a man who keeps a rather special kind of bookshop—concentrates on literature about the Orient, and translations from Eastern languages. Clever, in his own particular sphere."

"I suppose Daddy used to collect books through him. I've heard Mother complain of the fantastic sums he spent on dry old books."

"Not only that, but paintings—particularly Chinese. Your father was interested in them long before he went out so far East. He used to talk to me about his collection, and he showed me some in

roll form—landscapes which could be examined a bit at a time, giving the impression of a journey through the country."

"I know. There were some at home—only Mother had no interest in them and they were packed away in a lumber room. I doubt if she as much as suspected they might be of value. I suppose they're still there. I've an older sister, you know; she's very much like Mother—and we don't get on." She put down her glass. "But tell me more about Mr. Craik—he looks so odd to me. He's not so very tall; but he's big. And his clothes seem even bigger."

"I'm afraid I don't know much. I've met him before, a time or two. He looked just as untidy as he does now. To be truthful, I found him disconcerting. Maybe his jerky way of speaking, and the way he switches subjects without warning. He seems to think that it's enough to express a basic idea." He broke off to watch a Chinese servant, who was efficiently moving about the room, replenishing glasses. "That looks a bit queer, here in England," he commented.

"Yes, I suppose Mr. Home had heard of the servant problem and decided to bring his Chinese boy with him."

Judge O'Farrell shook his head. "That's Wang," he said slowly. "Your father's servant. At least, I asked Home, and that's what he told me."



THERE was a brooding silence in the library. Gilbert Home wanted to shatter it with words; but for a few awful moments he found himself tongue-tied. His mind refused to formulate a sentence. He stood at a small table and looked at the five people who were sitting watching him. The five people he most feared in the world. All assembled in his own library. Sheila—John Manson's daughter; Judge O'Farrell, Captain Weston, Theophilus Craik, and Stephen Barclay, who was John Manson's agent in London.

In these moments of panic he felt his studied calmness slipping from him. There was a desperate impulse to shriek at them that they must go away, must

leave instantly. A suicidal impulse. At least, thank heaven, he knew it for what it was, and this realisation helped him to steady himself.

And slowly, as he stood there, the calmness of the night of his crime returned to him. He even saw, with clarity, how he could turn his hesitation to good account.

"I know," he began, "how eagerly you are waiting for me to speak, to tell you all that I can of what happened one night back in Singapore. I can't claim that John Manson was an intimate friend—in that respect I am the least among you—but I worked with him, and I admired him. Going back into memory is painful."

He paused, giving an opportunity for a murmur of sympathy. This encouraged him. He felt that he was obtaining a grip on these people. They'd accept his story without question. And, being stronger now, he asked himself:

"John Manson was intent upon the picture. He was slightly deaf, and your footsteps were smothered in the thick pile of the carpet."

"Why shouldn't they accept it? It satisfied the police."

He said: "As a beginning, you must know that I'd been away. It was a holiday, combined with business. There were certain people in Johore and Malacca . . . but that doesn't concern the story, except that from a Chinese merchant I obtained an old painting. It didn't look much to me—done in water-colour on some sort of paper; but Poon Lim, the merchant, assured me that it was genuine Yuan, probably by a pupil of Ni Tsan—"

"Thirteenth century," Craik interjected. "Ni Tsan notable for landscapes. Delicate work." His rather heavy lids drooped and he seemed to lose interest.

"That's the age Poon Lim suggested. I bought the picture; not for myself, but for John Manson. I knew his passion for collecting; and I wanted to make him a gift. A month or two previously he'd gone out of his way to help me over a personal matter. It seemed a good way of expressing appreciation. I felt that the picture was a bit of a find, and I drove back rather pleased with myself."

His voice faltered. There was an inner whisper, coming from deep down inside him. "But you don't tell them that in Malacca you had the luggage-boot of your car enlarged by taking out a shelf."

Judge O'Farrell looked up. "You drove back. So you were in your car?"

(Continued on page 70)





TWO years ago my wife knew about as much about boxing, cricket, football, ice-hockey and other men's sports as the average woman, which is very little. To-day she is an expert, at any rate to the extent of knowing that blows struck with an open glove don't score, that there are differences in the rules of Rugby League and Rugby Union football, and that a new ball can be called for periodically in cricket. She still flatters me occasionally by asking for an explanation of some ruling, but she knows a good deal more about the personalities of first-class sport than I do, because she often watches them while I have to work.

Turning my wife into a sports fan is only one of the changes television has brought into our home. Television has had a marked effect on every member of the family and now that transmissions cover nearly half the population of Britain, it will probably bring the same changes into a million other homes during the next two or three years.

"Outside-broadcasts" are amongst the most successful television programmes, especially of sport. In the course of a month ice-hockey, boxing and football of both codes are likely to be brought into the living-room, with cricket and tennis

in the summer. The programmes are successful not only because the television camera has the best "seats" and telescopic eyes, but also because it is accompanied by an expert commentator who makes what is going on understandable to the person who does not even know the rules.

It is nice to have a wife who can share intelligently your interest in sport, but it is not without its disadvantages. You will find, for instance, that after quite a short time you will be getting broad hints that ringside seats at a forthcoming contest would be appreciated—and you know what ringside seats for two cost! It will be hinted that you should get a couple of stand seats for the Arsenal Cup-tie—and you know how easy that is!

Then again, you must be prepared for a higher proportion of cold meals! In fact I am thinking of protesting to the B.B.C. about televising mid-week cricket and tennis matches because they mean absenteeism in the kitchen! The great difference between television and "sound only" broadcasting is that television requires all your attention and cannot be used as a "background" like sound only. The magnetism of the screen is tremendous and once you have switched on, you drop whatever else you are doing. Even

knitting while watching is impossible.

Television is going to influence home life and especially the housewife's life in other ways. For instance, it is going to make women more clothes and beauty conscious, not merely because there are fairly frequent programmes showing the pick of the world's fashions displayed by the top mannequins, but because of clothes and hair styles shown incidentally. Being a television announcer is obviously not simply a matter of having a nice voice. It means the ability to wear clothes that interest other women. The smallest detail of jewellery or change in hair-style is immediately noticed by every woman looking-in.

The cinema has had a tremendous influence on fashions. But inevitably cinema fashions are six months or more old by the time they reach the screen. Television can reflect changes in the trend of fashion instantly and when the number of viewers becomes as great as the number of cinema-goers, its influence will be very great.

Wives in television homes are likely to see more of their husbands in the evenings. The club and the "local" become less attractive when there is a Continental cabaret show or (Continued on page 72)



The Call Of

its vastness (empire builders, adventurers, mystics, dreamers, hunters and herdsman) and the spiritual and physical satisfaction it grants those who know its moods, all this and more is offered to the traveller who will take up his courage or give wander-lust full reign and venture into the Arctic regions. And having penetrated beyond the North, he will return again and again.

ONE meets in the North situations in piquancy beyond imagination, and characters who might have stepped from the pages of a Jack London novel.

In Arctic Finland I suffered the unpleasantness of having a nomad Skolt Lapp peer into my eyes so that he might read my mind, and who, having read, turned

(On left) A Norwegian coal miner in Spitzbergen, 800 miles from the North Pole. The miner's wages are £80 a month all found

away with the corners of his mouth drooping in the manner of a reindeer in an ill-humour. I found it embarrassing to be "read" by a savage.

In Arctic Norway I sat in the tent of an aged nomad who



THERE is a new emphasis on the polar regions. In Moscow, Washington, Ottawa and in Scandinavia, there is an awareness that the arctic must be colonized and developed industrially; and in Alaska, Arctic Russia, the Canadian North, Greenland and Spitzbergen there is to be detected in the manner of men a certain urgency—the urgency to build, explore, survey, to hack more minerals from the rock and build new military centres with which to protect the new provinces. Never before has the "drift north" been so marked.

If the Far East exerts a call upon those who have smelt its odours and listened to the patter of its bare feet, then the call of the Polar regions is equally pronounced.

What is this Call of the North, the magnet that takes men back to the Arctic time and again?

The beauty to be found in the Arctic, the people who live within

Haakon Balstad, Norwegian Governor of the Spitzbergen Islands, with his wife and son Stein photographed at Longyearbyen, Spitzbergen
(On left) Two young Esquimaux women fishing pieces of glacier-ice from the sea to melt for fresh water

asked me why men must war when all one needs is a good wife and a few reindeer. When I asked if he had heard of Hitler and Stalin he turned on me a knowing look and, pondering for a moment, replied: "Are they as great men as our poet, Johan Turi?"

And then there was Olsen, whom I met in Arctic Sweden following a journey on to the tundras beyond Karasundo, where the road ends in bog. Olsen, a Swede of immense proportions and the constitution of the ore which



The North

Where The Spirit Of Adventure
Is As Rich As Ever It Was

By

Frank Illingworth



A group of Soviet miners at the Russian coal mining settlement of Grumantbyen, Spitzbergen

(On left) Frank Illingworth with a Skolt Lapp



(On right) Shopping in a Greenland store

once he mined nearby, had a capacity for liquor beyond measure. When drunk he invariably broke up the furniture, which idiosyncrasy was less an expression of aggressiveness than a simple delight in his capability to tear a chair apart with his hands. Drunk or sober his favourite trick was to grasp one by the belt and with a mighty heave lift one above his shoulders, thump his chest with his free hand and bellow in the tones of an enraged walrus. A little more than ten years after I first met Olsen in the spring of 1939 I heard from the well of the Norwegian collier taking me to Spitzbergen a tarzan-like roar. Where had I heard that bellowing voice before? Bound for the Norwegian coal mining settlement on Ice Fjord, 800 miles from the North Pole, we had on board the *Askeladden* some forty newly signed-on miners, and as I looked down on to the welldeck I saw one of them grab a companion by the belt and heave him aloft, which performance was accompanied by a further tarzan-like bellow. It was my old friend Olsen. I clattered down the ladder and tapped him on the shoulder, whereupon he turned and, recognizing me, dropped his companion to the iron deck. "Ver ve meet?" he asked. My answer was the signal for Olsen to grab me by the belt and heave me aloft, in which undignified position I was introduced to the rest of the men as "Dis ees my frien' Illingvort, Ja!" Since our last meeting Olsen had crossed Siberia, worked in Greenland, and had just spent a season in the Far South on a whaler. Now he was sailing the ice floes of the Far North, bound for the "coal mountains" barely ten degrees from the North Pole, there to earn £80 a month as a miner.

At least part of the attraction the Arctic holds is the knowledge that it offers the opportunity for a man to test himself.



New married quarters being built at Longyearbyen, Spitzbergen, the world's most northerly mining settlement

There is in some men an unaccountable urge to prove themselves. For this they cannot account. But its power is great, and it can find expression only in pitting mental and physical stamina against great odds. The man anchored to a City desk travels to Switzerland with mountaineering boots and Alpine rope. The vast areas of the Arctic offer a considerably wider scope for this test to which a man must submit himself. The conditions under which one lives

(Continued on page 69)

(On right.) A view of the magnificent new public library at Manchester. This city was the first to open a public library with Edward Edwards as municipal librarian

TO gain some idea of the service being performed by our public libraries, consider the number of people now using these institutions. In 1949 nearly a quarter of the population of Great Britain and Northern Ireland were registered library borrowers—and surely twelve million readers can't be wrong. This is a tribute to the vision of the nineteenth-century reformers who saw the ordinary man's need for reading-matter he could not afford to buy, and who put on to the statute-book the first Public Libraries Act just one hundred years ago.

Dignified perhaps, but to the modern eye a little forbidding in their Victorian-Gothic, the early public



100 Years Of Public Libraries

By Guy Livingstone



The National Central Library in Malet Place, Bloomsbury, London. Formed in 1930 it houses a fine collection of non-fiction books and is the centre of a country-wide regional inter-loan system

library buildings still stand in some of our town and city centres, reminders of the serious and even solemn view the Victorians took of popular enlightenment. They did invaluable work, these "free universities," as Carlyle called them; but inevitably, ideas of what public libraries should do for the public have moved far since those first decades. In the buildings of to-day there is a well-planned elegance, an emphasis on space and light and—most important of all—a freedom of access to the books themselves. And the range of activities of the modern library, with its reference and information departments, its technical and commercial sections, its children's rooms, its music collection, its lecture programmes and so on, has changed what was once



One of the interiors of the Manchester library. It shows a well planned elegance, an emphasis of space and light and a freedom of access to the books themselves

hardly more than a book-issuing depot into a thriving communal centre.

Librarians, local authorities, all those interested in the public library movement—and this includes the millions of library users—can look with satisfaction on the movement's progress since 1850. From small, sporadic local beginnings, hampered by lack of funds and absence of co-operation, it has now grown into something nationwide. To-day, in the whole of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, there are only about 60,000 people not served by public libraries, a fraction too scattered or isolated to be reached even by the network of municipal, county and village collections that now exists. Books are now issued from 23,000 centres as compared with about 500 at the end of last century; and where there were twenty-eight library authorities in 1860, now there are nearly 600.

SHOWING how the ordinary reader's access to books has widened, there are the figures of stocks. On the shelves of Britain's public libraries to-day are forty-two million volumes, a number that has nearly quadrupled in forty years. (In 1878 there were a mere million and a half.) Borrowing, oddly, shows a slightly downward trend. Last year borrowers took home an average of twenty-four and a half volumes per man, woman and child, or nearly one a fortnight. This was nearly three less than for 1939 and about five less than for 1935. More numerous or powerful competing interests may account for this decline—but anyway, the important thing to note is the large and steady increase in the number of library users, even if these users are taking out slightly fewer books per head.

How did the public library movement begin, and who were the men behind it? Chief credit for the idea and its application belongs to three public servants—Edward Edwards, assistant at the British Museum, and William Ewart and Joseph Brotherton, Members of Parliament, who had already co-operated to introduce the Museums Act. Struck by the poor provision of library facilities for the ordinary reader—the parochial and proprietary

(Continued on page 72)

One Faded Star

How A Producer With Subterfuge And Deception Showed A Star The Error Of Her Ways

By Alastair Scobie

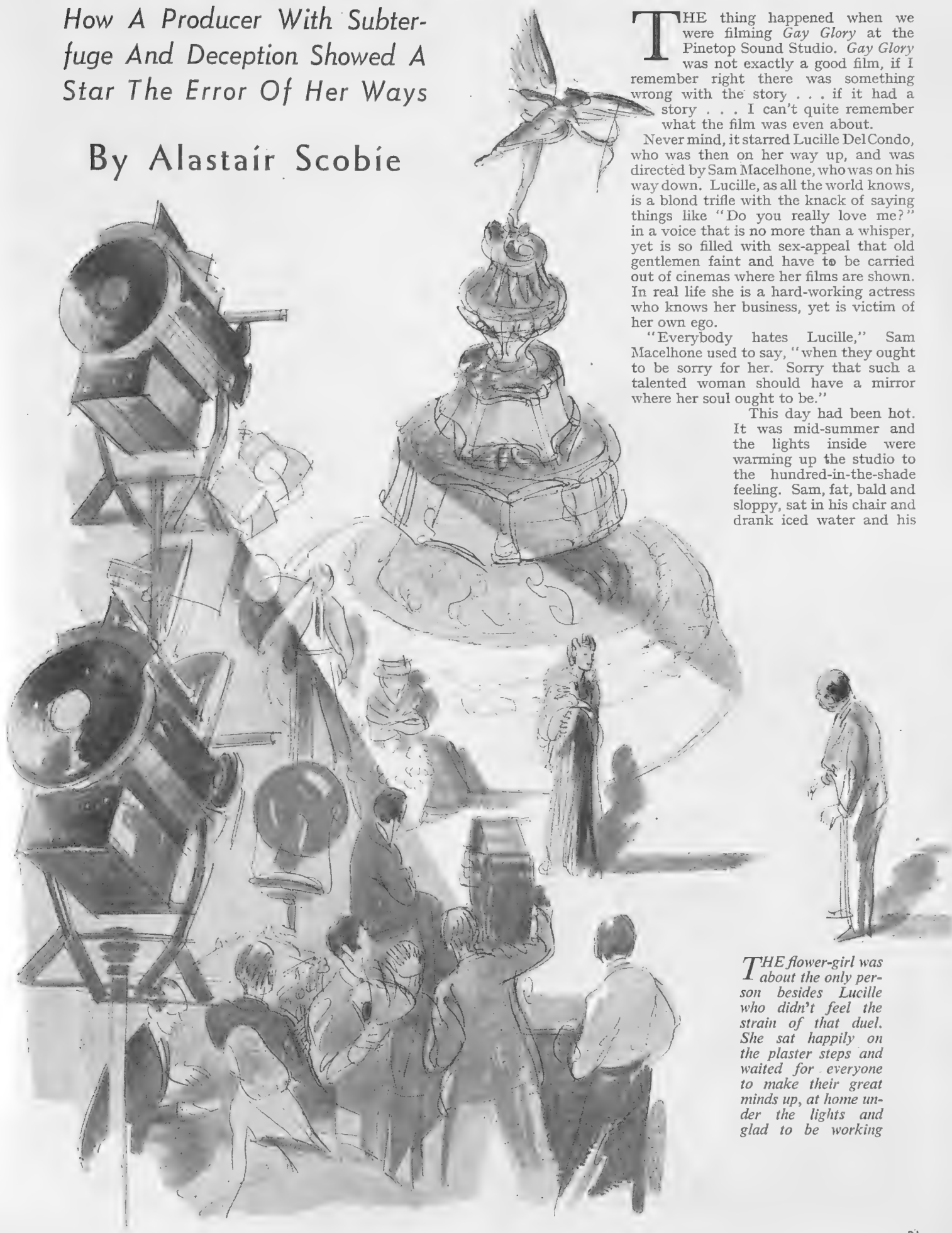
THE thing happened when we were filming *Gay Glory* at the Pinetop Sound Studio. *Gay Glory* was not exactly a good film, if I remember right there was something wrong with the story . . . if it had a story . . . I can't quite remember what the film was even about.

Never mind, it starred Lucille DelCondo, who was then on her way up, and was directed by Sam Macelhone, who was on his way down. Lucille, as all the world knows, is a blond trifle with the knack of saying things like "Do you really love me?" in a voice that is no more than a whisper, yet is so filled with sex-appeal that old gentlemen faint and have to be carried out of cinemas where her films are shown. In real life she is a hard-working actress who knows her business, yet is victim of her own ego.

"Everybody hates Lucille," Sam Macelhone used to say, "when they ought to be sorry for her. Sorry that such a talented woman should have a mirror where her soul ought to be."

This day had been hot. It was mid-summer and the lights inside were warming up the studio to the hundred-in-the-shade feeling. Sam, fat, bald and sloppy, sat in his chair and drank iced water and his

THE flower-girl was about the only person besides Lucille who didn't feel the strain of that duel. She sat happily on the plaster steps and waited for everyone to make their great minds up, at home under the lights and glad to be working



temper got worse and worse, Lucille went on being sweetly reasonable all day.

"Sam, darling, I know Mary Waterson is a wonderful actress, and I know her little part is so, so important, but don't you think it will spoil my entrance in Reel Three if you give her too many lines to say?" That sort of thing was what Lucille dished out all day.

Did you ever think how an actress holds a director in the hollow of her pretty hand? During a lighting change Sam came over to me dabbing at his thick, red neck with a wet handkerchief.

"That woman is driving me nuts," he said, "she knows all the tricks. She doesn't want much, Al, only that the camera should be pointed straight at her all day long."

"Why not tell her to go to blazes?" I asked, reasonably enough, being new to the business.

"Because, son, I have a reputation for being slow. If I cross her, she can hold us up. She can forget lines on purpose, she can put the wrong dress on through stupidity, she can find a million ways of holding up production. Production costs £4 a minute. Did you ever think of that?"

I whistled.

"With double for overtime," he said, and waddled away, grunting past his cigar.

All that day I watched their two faces, the smooth, fragile face of the actress, blond hair sweeping her shoulders, her very immobility expressing anything you cared to think it was expressing, and Sam, his big, red, rubbery face that could crease up like an old man's or assume the haughty beauty of an insulted maiden as he tried to steer the cast through that meaningless and trivial screen-play.



BOB SOLEBY, the editor, drew me aside late in the afternoon. "Notice anything about those two, Al?"

"No more than usual. They hate each other's insides, and are too scared of each other to demand a showdown."

He shook his head. "There's a duel on between them. Watch. She's driving him, determined to find some point he'll have to make a stand on. She's going to demand the impossible and scream like a spoiled kid when he refuses it. She's going to ask for the moon, Al, and tear up her contract if she can't get it."

We stood and watched for a few minutes and it dawned on me that he was right.

The scene was Piccadilly Circus. Eros had been built in the studio, the traffic filtered past on a projection screen behind. Extras and odd cars trickled in front of the camera, which was mounted on one of those giant cranes.

All this technical ingenuity, just to observe how Miss Lucille Del Condo crossed the Circus with her latest boy-friend, who stopped to buy a flower for her from the old flower-girl who sat on the plaster steps of the statue.

The scene was rehearsed and rehearsed again. Lighting director, camera operator, focus puller, three assistants, twenty electricians, sound crew, seven men handling the giant crane . . . all these poor devils concentrated on getting this shot in the can, and every time Lucille would have one of her bright ideas.

"Darling Sam, don't you think it would be better if I didn't pause until after we pass the flower girl?" Then, "Sam, my dearest, are you sure I'm entering on the right side of screen?" Or, "Isn't the walk a little fast, Sam, my sweet?"

HOURS ticked by. £4 a minute became £8. Evening drew on. The shot remained to be taken. That woman had stamina, I'll say that for her.

Folks were tired. Sam's rubber-face was crumpled up as if he was going to burst into tears, yet there was a tension in that studio like an electric current flowing around the place. There was lightning in the air, all right. For everybody in the place knew by then what Lucille was up to, and were fascinated by the possible outcome. Stage-hands muttered short, farm-yard descriptions of dear Lucille, an electrician was making a book, Lucille versus Sam, with Lucille as red-hot favourite and ten-to-one as odds on Sam. It was a wonderful night.

Then Lucille played one of her biggest cards.

"Sam, my dearest," she said, "I know I'm being a pest, but need we actually see the old flower-woman? Can't you hold my close-up and just hear her voice muttering 'lovely roses' off-screen?"

A sort of sigh went round the studio.

THIS small-part actress who was playing the part of the flower-girl was a fine-looking woman, who might once have been a raving beauty. She was about the only person besides Lucille who didn't feel the strain of that duel, just sat happily on the plaster steps and waited for everyone to make their great minds up, at home under the lights and glad to be working. And Sam had showed a remarkable interest in her. He'd tried to make her comfortable, given her special attention, coached her in her two poor little lines of dialogue. It seemed as if he was trying to get the very best performance out of that flower-woman. And this from one of the biggest directors in the business.

Now Lucille wanted her cut out altogether, except for a disembodied voice off-screen. This, we thought, was the straw which might well break the camel's back.

Surprisingly enough, Sam agreed immediately.

"Oh, she's of no importance," he said, drawing Lucille to one side out of the old girl's hearing, "but it's rather a shame if we cut her out. Not that I mind much, but I would have liked to give her a break."

"She's a little old, don't you."

FOR a moment the fragile china mask that was Lucille's screen-face slipped a little and her soul shone out

think, to need to be given a break, darling?"

"Well, Lucille, my pet, she happens to be Marian Milder."

"Who?"

"Don't tell me you haven't heard of Marian Milder? Yet, maybe you haven't, at that. Before your time. But she was one of the greatest silent stars we ever had in this country."

"She was a star?"

"Before the screen found its voice, that is."

"Oh what fun. We can ask her all about the old days. I'll bet the funny old soul has some gorgeous stories."

"That wouldn't be very kind, Lucille. She's travelling incognito, as it were. Doesn't want anyone to know her. I mean, put yourself in her place. Suppose your own beauty had slipped away, suppose some new development had come along to smash your career the way sound films smashed hers. . . . I mean, it's easy enough to imagine. New advances happen all the time. And age comes on, Lucille, comes creeping on for the best of us. Suppose you had the offer of a little tiny part, Lucille. Would you like to walk proudly into a studio and say: 'I'm Lucille Del Condo. I used to be queen of a place like this.' Would you? Especially when some chit of a girl with a hard heart could snatch even that little part away from you? Of course you wouldn't."

I was standing near enough to hear, and to see the expression that came over Lucille Del Condo's lovely face. For a moment the fragile china mask that was her screen-face slipped a little and her soul shone out. She imagined herself, lonely, poor, faded, unknown. A little shiver ran

swiftly through her lovely body.

"I didn't know," she said in a tiny voice, "How could I have known?"

THAT shot was in the can in under fifteen minutes, the flower-girl got the close-up, and Lucille was more fussy about her welfare than ever Sam had been. And when we finally packed up, ten minutes before midnight, Lucille insisted on sending the old thing home in her own car. (She commandeered my car and I had to get a night bus . . . but that's another story.)

All the rest of (Continued on page 72)

Illustrations by
R. C. Hodgson





A dwelling of the Antandroy tribe in the south of the island. There are three small entrances: one for the man, one for the woman, and one at the rear for the children. The openings are small for easy defence against enemies



A view of Tananarive, the capital of Madagascar, and seat of the French Government. The large building in the centre of the picture is the Queen's Palace. Here lived the Queens of Madagascar, belonging to the Hova tribe, the last of whom was Ranavalona III, banished by the French when they occupied the island. The Palace is now a museum

Madagascar

*Sindbad's Island And Pearl
Of The Indian Ocean*

By Martin Thornhill

NATIONALISM fever, which is somewhat unhaltingly going the rounds, has found its way now to Sindbad's Island. Self-styled "Renovationists," who are descendants of a tribal class that ruled Madagascar before France annexed it, want independence from the French. This land of great forests and mineral treasure, scene of Arabian Nights adventure, sometime hideout of some of the most

successful pirates of the Indian seas, is the fourth-largest island in the world, and is actually larger than the nation that owns it.

But the revolt is far from general, and may fizzle out, for the French rulers are in the main popular. They have developed the island on wise lines, and made it a much better place for Malagasies to live in than it had ever been under the rule of the Hova, for ten centuries the dominant tribe. In

particular, they have concentrated on transport. Until the French came there were no roads and no railway. Transport was by buffalo-cart, or carrying-chairs called *filanjanas*. To-day, through French enterprise, a good highway runs the 1,000-miles length of the island from Diégo-Suarez in the north to the pleasant Riviera-like port of Fort-Dauphin in the south, then across to the

west coast at Tuléar. Passably good roads connect the larger towns and villages, served by public vehicles; and a railway joins the capital with east-coast ports. Journeys off the beaten trails, into the high mountains, and through the immense and largely trackless forests must, however, still be done by the old methods.

The French are, in fact, supremely proud and fond of the place. On the small island of Diégo- (Continued on page 76)



A sample of tropical vegetation from the south of Madagascar. A toadstool which weighed 25 lb.—the largest ever found

(On left) The road to the south, beyond Fianarantsoa, along which the public mail motor bus travels twice a week from north to south of the island. Until the French took over the island there were no roads

SHROPSHIRE LAD—

With A Difference

The Story Of "Mad" Mytton

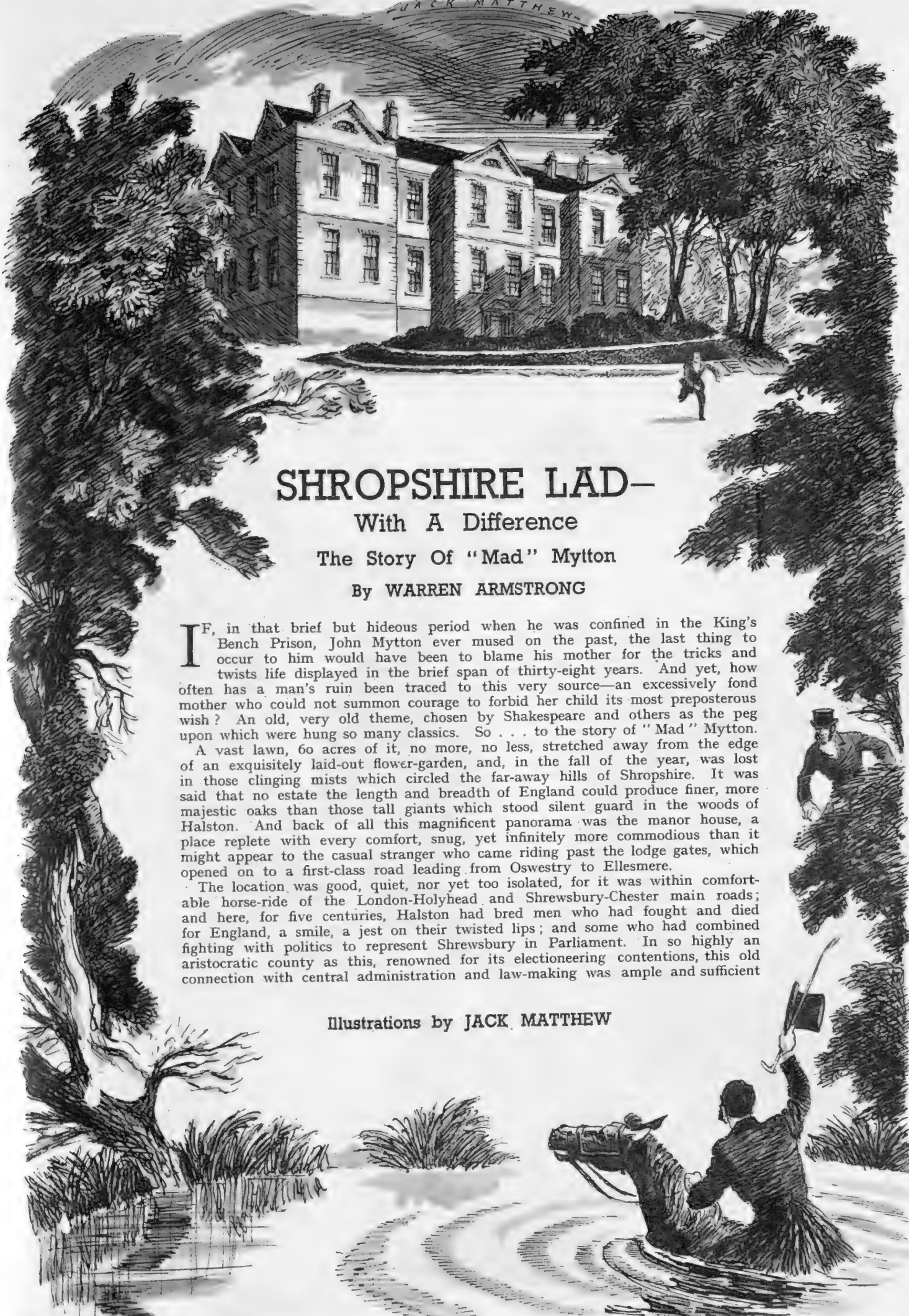
By WARREN ARMSTRONG

IF, in that brief but hideous period when he was confined in the King's Bench Prison, John Mytton ever mused on the past, the last thing to occur to him would have been to blame his mother for the tricks and twists life displayed in the brief span of thirty-eight years. And yet, how often has a man's ruin been traced to this very source—an excessively fond mother who could not summon courage to forbid her child its most preposterous wish? An old, very old theme, chosen by Shakespeare and others as the peg upon which were hung so many classics. So . . . to the story of "Mad" Mytton.

A vast lawn, 60 acres of it, no more, no less, stretched away from the edge of an exquisitely laid-out flower-garden, and, in the fall of the year, was lost in those clinging mists which circled the far-away hills of Shropshire. It was said that no estate the length and breadth of England could produce finer, more majestic oaks than those tall giants which stood silent guard in the woods of Halston. And back of all this magnificent panorama was the manor house, a place replete with every comfort, snug, yet infinitely more commodious than it might appear to the casual stranger who came riding past the lodge gates, which opened on to a first-class road leading from Oswestry to Ellesmere.

The location, was good, quiet, nor yet too isolated, for it was within comfortable horse-ride of the London-Holyhead and Shrewsbury-Chester main roads; and here, for five centuries, Halston had bred men who had fought and died for England, a smile, a jest on their twisted lips; and some who had combined fighting with politics to represent Shrewsbury in Parliament. In so highly an aristocratic county as this, renowned for its electioneering contentions, this old connection with central administration and law-making was ample and sufficient

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW



to illustrate the political pretensions of the Mytton family, which could be traced back to the twelfth century.

Letters Patent contained in the Harleian Manuscripts record the fact that: "King Richard the Third grants to his trusty and well-beloved Squire, Thomas Mytton, and to his heirs male, the Castle and Lordship, and all appurtenances thereto, amounting to the value of Fifty Pounds, and once belonging to our rebel and traitor, the late Duke of Buckingham." In due time the beneficiary under this grant married a daughter of Sir John Burgh, and became immediate ancestor of the child who was destined almost from birth to emerge as England's maddest eccentric . . .

—JACK MATTHEY—

IT was on the last day of September 1796, when the tall trees of Halston were turning russet brown, and the freshening winds flowed searchingly through the timber and across the nearby pastures, that John Mytton was born; an uneventful and perfectly normal deliverance, even as his life for the first



Mytton's first bare-fisted fight, with an offensive Welsh miner, went the full twenty rounds



Mytton once went out at midnight duck-shooting on a frozen lake, clad only in his day shirt

two years was uneventful and normal. But on the child's second birthday, in such a manner that the remaining thirty-six years left to the toddling baby were to be shaped almost wholly by the blow, tragedy robbed the youngster of a hard-riding father; and the affection of his excessively fond mother was thus, perhaps, largely the reason why John Mytton lived only to achieve his thirty-eighth birthday.

By the time he had reached his seventh year, a neighbour, Sir Richard Puleston, conferred on him a pet-name, "Mango." He had already proved himself to be the "King of Pickles." And in January 1808, the *Worcester Journal* published a news item peculiarly significant of the boy's character:

John Mytton Redivivus! One day last week, young Mytton, now about 12 years of age, son of the late-lamented Squire of Ilalston, was out in a very hard day with the foxhounds, and at the dusk of evening found himself in a turnip field, a considerable distance from home, with his pony so dead-beat that it could proceed no further. The boy had too much of the inherent spirit of his father to leave his favourite, and therefore took out his handkerchief, tied it to the bridle of the pony and then to his wrist, laid down by the side of the wearied hunter, and went to sleep for the greater part of the night. On the first blush of morning he got up, and finding his pony refreshed, proceeded home, when his appearance dissipated the alarm which had been created by his unaccountable absence. He went to bed for a short period, and from two hours after his arrival at the hall of his ancestors was out ferreting rabbits, quite hearty and well. On being asked if he had heard anyone during the night, he said he had, and within a short distance too; and on being further asked why he did not call out and make his situation known, he replied that he was afraid to do that as he wished the pony to sleep undisturbed, and he thought he would be well thrashed for being in a turnip field at that time of night!

No confession of cowardice was here; no vestige of fear of physical punishment, nor of possible pain; and as the years slipped all too swiftly past, moulding the youngster into the shape of "Mad" Mytton, time and time again he was to prove himself sublimely unmindful of fear and pain, dread or suffering. Deep in his soul

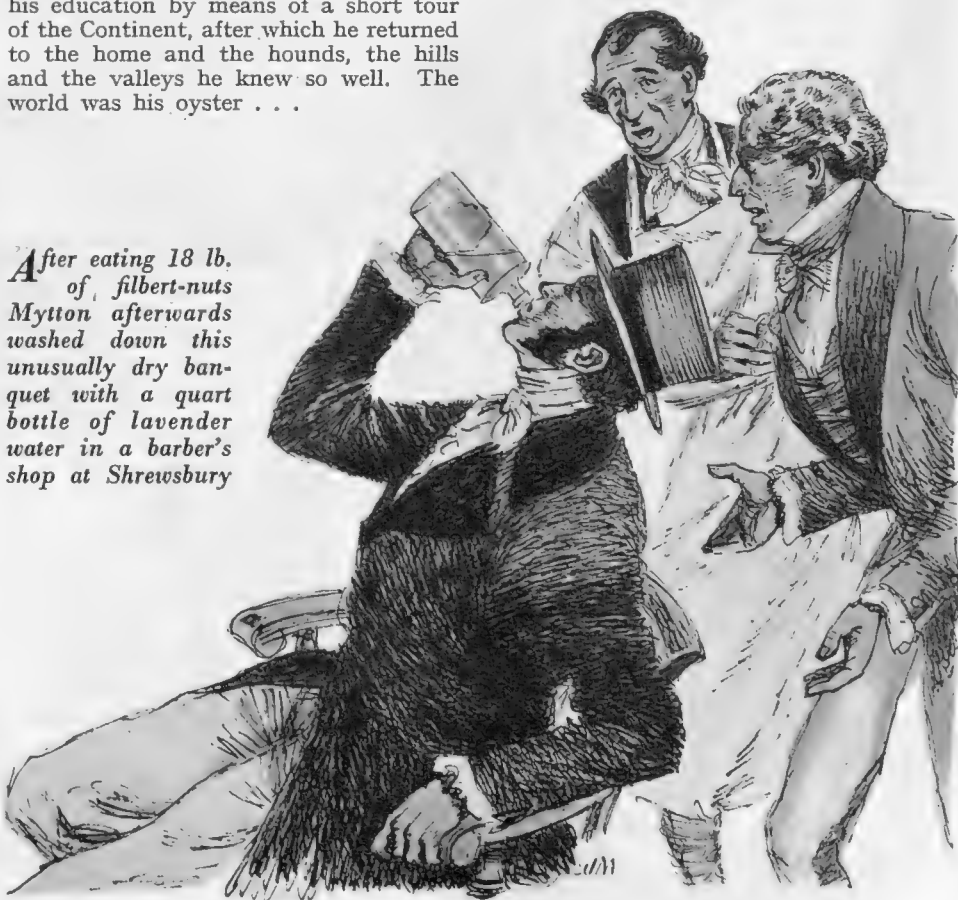
was an innate kindness, an understanding which never failed to display the sterling qualities of this strange man, so utterly incapable of stability in more worldly affairs.

At fourteen, spending more than double his allowance for two years within the space of twelve months, he wrote a letter to the Lord Chancellor requesting "an immediate increase" in his income; it appeared he was "contemplating an early marriage." The response was speedy and very much to the point: "Sir, if you cannot live on your present handsome allowance, you may starve; and if you marry I will commit you to prison." His education was rather more than merely sketchy; he was expelled from Westminster School and from Harrow, knocked down a private tutor in Berkshire in whose hands he was afterwards placed; entered both the universities but achieved nothing at either. The only outward and visible sign of his ever intending to stay there was his "*ordering three pipes of port wine to be sent addressed to him at Cambridge.*" But, even thus fortified against the rigours of learning, he failed; and at eighteen announced his intention of "finishing" his education by means of a short tour of the Continent, after which he returned to the home and the hounds, the hills and the valleys he knew so well. The world was his oyster . . .

Then, perhaps because he cherished secretly the recollection of a renowned ancestor, the illustrious General Mytton, Parliamentarian commander of Cromwell's days, who took Shrewsbury by force of arms where others of the family won it at the polls, or perhaps because John Mytton was utterly incapable of sustained stability, shortly after reaching his nineteenth year he entered the 7th Hussars, as a Cornet, and was drafted to France with the army of occupation. There he proceeded to lay still further waste an already considerable income; in his twenty-third year, having resigned his commission, he set himself the task of "doing full justice to" an inheritance of £60,000 in cash and a Shropshire rent-roll valued at £10,000 a year. On May 21, 1818, at St. George's, Hanover Square, he married Harriet Emma Jones, daughter of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, another Shropshire worthy of renown. Never of robust health, after the birth of a daughter, Harriet passed quietly out of life, a tragedy which left an aching void in the body of a man whose physical prowess reached a degree seldom witnessed. His chronicler wrote: "Like Cleanthes of old, he was proud of displaying his strength; fortunately for mankind he would not, like Cleanthes, be instructed in the art of boxing!"

Thus equipped, and—who knows—perhaps to ease the pain caused by the

After eating 18 lb. of filbert-nuts Mytton afterwards washed down this unusually dry banquet with a quart bottle of lavender water in a barber's shop at Shrewsbury



death of his wife, Mytton challenged the world to stand-and-deliver. His first bare-fisted fight, with an offensive Welsh miner, went the full twenty rounds, with Mytton's full-throated laughter ringing through the countryside until his battered adversary cried: "Hold hard! I've had enough!" Two days later, returning with a friend from a visit to London, he ate 18 lb. of filbert-nuts en route, until, arriving at Halston "... we sat up to our knees in nutshells." And that evening, at a Shrewsbury barber's shop, Mytton washed down the unusually dry banquet with a quart bottle of lavender water.

His critics, as yet few in number, condemned him; he was a "wastrel," a "man without substance," quite incapable; they whispered, of making a guinea buy twenty-one shillings'-worth; yet not until long after his death was it known that he once borrowed £10,000 on an annuity at exorbitantly high interest—and loaned £9,000 of it to a "friend" who was never seen in Europe thereafter. "Mad" Mytton was like that. And when his butler, sent into Oswestry to draw a large sum of money from the Halston agent, boasted: "No blundering highwayman could ever rob *me*!" was returning to the manor house on horseback, and was suddenly confronted by a fearsome-looking horseman who stuck a pistol into his ribs, the money-bags were handed over without

further ado. They were returned to the bewildered manservant later that evening, *by his master*, with the advice: "Never boast in public!" It was not the only time "Mad" Mytton played highwayman...

But the years sped past, and debts mounted up until, at last, he was forced to contemplate selling some of the Halston estate; his agent and a few intimate friends pleaded and remonstrated, but he remained scathingly firm. To the former, who diffidently pointed out: "If you, Sir, would be content to live on £6,000 a year for the next six years, there would be no need to sell any of the estate," he replied: "I wouldn't give a damn to *try* to live on six thousand a year!" Of his friends, he asked: "Tell me, then—how long has this estate been in the family?" "More than five centuries," was the reply. "The devil it has! Then it's high time some of it should go *out* of the family!"

Thus, at the age of twenty-seven, and with little more than ten years to live, Mytton had spent considerably more than £100,000; within the next fateful decade he was to account for at least another half-million. In 1825 he wrote to a friend: "I now own Longwaist, the finest racehorse in England, and some fifty other thoroughbreds, a few hunters, a few hounds; course a little, and sometimes fight a main of cocks." In sporting parlance, he was "at all in the ring." And he was quite content; money meant very little; guineas were "made round to go round"—and (Continued on page 74)

Mytton seized a lighted candle, applied it to his shirt, and was instantly enveloped in flames





Peak Time For IMPOSTORS

By Ferdinand Tuohy

TEMPTING though he be to the impostor, Hitler is unlikely to be impersonated until a great deal more risk has evaporated with the venerableness of age—say fifteen years on, when Adolf would have been seventy-six. But so much fuss has been made about the Fuehrer's (phony) love life that "sons" are pretty certain to make their appearance before then.

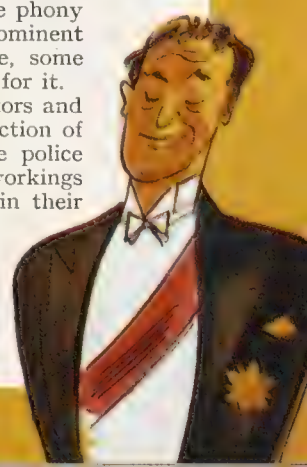
Even as "Prince Otto Wilhelm Hohenzollern," claiming to be the ex-Kaiser's last son, born in 1923, has landed a New Orleans heiress, *née* Virginia Kirk.

"Pooh to you!" indicated the happy pair, preparing to navigate life as "Prince and Princess Hohenzollern"—though they did take the preliminary precaution of seeking the haven of Mexico City when the Washington police force claimed the bridegroom's body as being that of one Rico David Tancoue, ex-civil servant wanted for housebreaking.

Phony princes, dubious dukes and no-count counts are no novelties over there. There's even a "Prince Mike Romanoff" who has been so gorgeously phony for twenty years at Hollywood, that he has become a celebrity in his own right. Yet I doubt very much if "everyone loves an impostor," or that judge and jury invariably laugh "as the phony tells how he pulled wool over the eyes of prominent victims." To be more accurate in that line, some people are such appalling snobs that they ask for it.

Fact is we've struck a peak time for impostors and not all of them are so entertaining. A conjunction of circumstances has multiplied their kind. The police tell you of them, and so do psychiatrists. The workings of this modern age are often so very visible in their make-up and performance.

In the jog-trot of the past, impostors used to be classified under four heads: pretenders, impersonators, swindlers, and humbugs. To-day several nuances must be drawn. A main difference seems to be that crude profit is no longer the (Continued on page 62)





BETTY was sitting quietly at James's feet, her hand on his knee

Trey Of Hearts

A Short Story

By Ursula Bloom

MILLCENT went over to the dining-table to give the final touches, approving the twisted spiral candelabra, and the impeccable white camellias in a crystal bowl. She laid a slender finger on a spoon that offended her eye, straightening it. James was now a successful playwright. They had had to wait for this success—she was thirty-six to James's sixty-six—but the success had come. As she spruced a napkin, she saw him coming into the room.

"Hallo, Millicent?"

"It looks nice, doesn't it?" She indicated the table with a finger on which there flashed the solitaire he had given her when his big play went over. Her reward for the humble years which they had thrashed out in the cheap, little cottage!

"You're a wonderful hostess, Millicent, everything's perfect."

"Look!" She picked up a menu shaped like a chestnut leaf, for James's last play had been *Chestnut Corner*, and his eye ran down it.

"Fine, Millicent, but you forgot Dixon has dyspepsia. I want him to film

Chestnut Corner. He won't do it if I make him ill."

"I can hardly offer him minced lamb and rice pudding."

"If you did, it would be super-mince, and super-rice pudding." He put up an approving hand to her brown hair.

"Darling, don't spoil it! It took so long to do."

"Sometimes I miss the old days, Millie; we were poor but those were happy times."

They hadn't been happy to her. Too much hard work. "I hated that cottage with the clay path, and all those merciless chores."

He was still sentimentalizing. "I wanted a baby; a little girl like you."

"Men always want babies." She turned restlessly to the table again. In the cottage the first play had been born.

She thought of those endless agonies of apprehension, the rehearsals, the acute labour of that first night. Knowing that, if it failed, it meant banishment to the grind of that awful cottage again. But it hadn't failed!

"Sometimes," he said, "I feel that we lost the best of ourselves when I made good. We were happy in the cottage," and then: "Where are you going?"

"To straighten that bowl."

"Our lives are out of the straight, too," he said, but softly.

The door opened, and a round red moon of a face peered through it. Behind the face was the gleam of a white apron hooped about a capacious stomach. It was Amy Baker, their cook.

"Oh, I didn't know that there was anybody here, sir," she said apologetically.



"I wanted to see things was just so."

"Come in," said James. She had been with them since the first success, with her sugar-loaf figure, her hirsute tendencies, and her grand, gigantic heart.

James knew that Amy didn't care about his wife, and she stood there scraping nervously at the white apron with fingers on which a thin gold ring cut into the flesh. He had given that to her to souvenir another success. "Yes, it looks nice," she said, and then: "I've put your raw liver aside for you, sir."

Millicent still finicked with the red roses, for this was almost a secret between James and Amy, the raw liver that coped with his pernicious anæmia. Both of them (Continued on page 64)

Illustration by Frank Lea

VIVE
LA FRANCE



Talking Of ELECTIONS

By Harry J. Greenwall

WITH a general election in this country looming large on the horizon, people in other countries focus their eyes on us and they, too, talk of elections, elections they used to hold when they were also on the side of the democratic angels and when elections in their countries were not the grim farces they are to-day, when one party only, the Government Party, goes to the poll. In other countries, other memories, for there are, thank goodness, still some countries where Freedom flourishes yet, but where general elections are fought in ways different to ours. Let us jump on a magic carpet and travel a little into the past while still keeping faith with the present.

As a newspaper correspondent I watched the last free elections held in Spain, in November, 1933, when it was a foregone conclusion that the Republic was a failure but none realized that Germany and Italy would inflict a Fascist dictatorship on the country; indeed, the result of the Spanish 1933 general election made it appear that a restoration of the Monarchy was a strong possibility. I had been in Spain when the Spanish Republicans and Socialists joined forces in a general election which overthrew King Alfonso. Now. . . .

It was the women of Spain who shook the Republic and whose votes won seats for the Right Coalition, out-and-out Monarchists. In practically all Continental countries, polling day is on a Sunday. In Republican Spain voters cast their votes for party lists and no party could win a seat unless it obtained forty per cent of the votes cast; that made it impossible for most parties to win a decisive victory on the first Sunday. The second poll gave the parties of the Right 207 seats, the Centre 150 and the Left 116; thus the Centre had control and, by making government ineffective, paved the way for the Franco *putsch* and the subsequent Civil War. In Spain in 1933 women voted for the first time. In a country such as Spain—or Portugal—where women traditionally remain in the social background, it was to be foreseen that female suffrage would sure to be an unpredictable element; it unfortunately did prove to be so. (Continued on page 66)



Armstrong Gives Up Smoking

KENNETH ARMSTRONG eked out his army pension by being secretary to a small golf club; and golf club secretaries have a good many enemies. There are things called leatherjackets which destroy the carefully tended grass on the greens by the simple process of eating the roots. Small flints push their way up through the earth and twist the blades of the mowers that cut the fairways. Bunkers start growing strange forms of vegetation which are of interest to the naturalist, but not to the golfer. Hoses perish and burst as soon as the greenkeeper's back is turned; and life is a continual struggle against the elements which seem determined to nullify everything that the golf secretary does. Finally, in addition to all these natural foes, far his worst enemies are the members themselves, who are generally retired majors and colonels like himself. They are always making complaints about something or somebody, or putting suggestions in the suggestion book. Either the beer is watery or the price of gin is too high; or else the direction post is misplaced at the ninth. And when all else fails, they either want their handicaps put down or put up.

It was at the end of a very trying week, which included the Annual General Meeting, that Kenneth Armstrong took two hours off to attend to his car one morning. It was an old car, and the carburetter, which required attention, was very inaccessible. As he scraped his fingers and got his hands smeared with oil, he was wondering rather bitterly whether this was the kind of world which he had fought to preserve in the trenches in 1914. And that was what brought him on to the question of cigarettes. Up to that time he had smoked one or two Turkish cigarettes a day. It was the sheer boredom of the trenches which had started him off on Virginian cigarettes or gaspers, as they were called, to the tune of ten or twenty or even thirty a day. And that tune had now gone on for over thirty years. He managed to do the sum in his head as he tinkered with the carburetter. Thirty cigarettes a day for three hundred and sixty-five days for thirty years worked out at three hundred and twenty-eight thousand, five hundred cigarettes. The figure was so appalling that he sat down on a packing case and lit a cigarette with his smeary fingers to consider it.

Three hundred and twenty-eight thousand, five hundred cigarettes! It was monstrous. No wonder the country was short of dollars and he of pounds. Just one ordinary man's consumption of tobacco! And this figure wasn't right even then. It was thirty-four years, not thirty; and that with leap years added another forty-four thousand to the total. Three hundred and seventy-two thousand, five hundred cigarettes! Plus one which he was smoking. It was when he had stubbed out that one and lit a second that he got down to the price. As far as he could remember, gaspers in the old days were about five a penny. That worked out at sixpence a day which

He Made The Sacrifice But It Did Not Bring Him Any Profit

By Laurence Kirk

was not too bad; but even so was getting on for £10 a year. Then between the wars the price had stepped up to a halfpenny each, or £25 a year; and now it was over £90 a year! Supposing it had been £90 a year all the time—Armstrong

was just in the mood to make the account as black as he could for himself—that would have meant that £3,000 had gone down the drain. And if he lived another twenty years and went on smoking that would mean another £2,000 down the drain. Or more if there was another war and they put up the price further. Armstrong became quite dizzy when he thought of it. Instead of the ancient Morris in front of him he could see a large



EVERY time Carolyn came into his study she gave the money-box a greedy little shake to see how heavy it was

black limousine and a smart chauffeur polishing it with a sponge and chamois leather. That was what he might have had with a little continence. And what had he got? Just a nasty taste in the mouth, a dry cough, and a lot of silly complaints to answer.

ARMSTRONG lived in a tiled cottage behind the main buildings of the club with his wife and daughter. He had what is called the run of his teeth at the club and could lunch there free; but that was a perquisite he was ready to forgo if Colonel Forrester or Major Adams were there to buttonhole him. They were there that morning and he lunched at home, although it was putting an undue strain on the week's meat ration.

Mrs. Armstrong took this calmly enough. She took everything calmly. As a soldier's wife she had grown accustomed to pack up house at a moment's notice and move from Colchester to Singapore just as though she were crossing the road. So having Kenneth unexpectedly to lunch was a minor disturbance. Carolyn, the daughter, did not take things so calmly, but she liked having her father around and was always pleased to see him. She was nineteen years of age, attractive, and could not make up her mind whether to take up physiotherapy as a profession or to grab a millionaire if she could find one.

Armstrong ate the remains of the beef without comment. He was wondering whether, if all those cigarette-ends were

placed end to end, they would reach as far as Singapore or only to Penang. Over the suet pudding which followed he again had the vision of the smart chauffeur polishing the black limousine; and when he pulled out his cigarette case for his usual after-lunch cigarette he hastily put it back again.

"I am going to give up smoking," he announced.

Mrs. Armstrong was already gathering the plates together and showed no particular interest.

"Are you, dear?" she answered pleasantly.

Armstrong stared at her. It was amazing when a man made an announcement of some real importance how his womenfolk always made it fall quite flat. No doubt if he had been some martyr of the Middle Ages, say Latimer or Ridley, and had announced that he had decided to be burned at the stake, his wife, if he



Illustrations by S. Tresilian

had one, would have just answered, "Are you, dear?" quite cheerfully.

"It's much too expensive," Armstrong went on, curbing his indignation.

"But you like your cigarettes!" Mrs. Armstrong still spoke in the same distant tone.

"I know I like my cigarettes," Armstrong raised his voice a little. "But it's a waste of money and I'm giving them up."

"You'll be awfully grouchy," Carolyn said.

"That's my affair," Armstrong was fully aware how grouchy he would be.

Carolyn came and put her arm round his neck.

"It's our affair, too!" she went on soothingly. "And apart from us, you'll probably be so rude to Colonel Forrester that you'll lose your job. And then where shall we all be?"

"Well, you can support the family for a change," Armstrong's tone was a little more genial.

"But it takes years to qualify as a physiotherapist. Couldn't you put it off till I am qualified?"

"No, I couldn't. I'm going to give it up now. It will help to pay your fees when you start training."

"But I don't think I want to be a physiotherapist after all."

Armstrong got up wearily.

"Whatever anyone else does or doesn't do," he ended. "I am giving up smoking."

Carolyn turned to her mother after he had left the room.

"I'm afraid we're in for a bad time," she said resignedly. "But after all it will probably be the same as when he gave it up in Barbados. It only lasted three days."

CAROLYN was right when she predicted that they were

in for a bad time. From that moment Armstrong was like a cat on hot bricks. He could not settle down to anything. If he started to read a book or a newspaper he would feel in his pocket for his cigarette case and jump and do something else. And the house resounded to injured cries. "Who's been using my pen?" "Who's taken my yellow scarf?" "Why can't people put things back where they find them?" Long before the three days were up Carolyn was repeatedly begging her father:

"For heaven's sake, Daddy, go and have a smoke and be human again!"

Mrs. Armstrong took rather a longer view. She did not expect Kenneth to hold out more than three days; but if he did, she recognized that there would be five shillings saved for every day that he did hold out, and there were a number of things that wanted doing in the house. The curtains in the bedroom, for instance. But he would have to stick it out for three months before they could run to that. However, there were plenty of smaller things. New coffee cups or that attractive green tray in the curiosity shop. So she remained perfectly quiet and waited to see what happened.

As for Armstrong himself, it was the disbelief of his womenfolk that carried him over the first three days. He reckoned that if he could only beat his Barbados attempt the rest would be easy. He was wrong about that. The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh days were far the worst; and it was on the sixth day that he was very rude to Colonel Forrester and got reported to the Committee. The Committee, however, were as tired of Colonel Forrester as he was and smoothed things over. The incident nevertheless shook him in another way. Colonel Forrester had given up smoking thirty years ago. It only required a little will power, he said; and when Armstrong thought of what his will power had done to him, he nearly gave up the attempt himself.

What really carried him through the second week was the money-box. It gave

him little active satisfaction to have five shillings more in his pocket at the end of the day than he would have had if he had not gone through all that suffering. But it was different when he began to put two shining half-crowns into the money-box every evening. That gave him a feeling of real accomplishment. And the half-crowns felt so solid and heavy when he shook the money-box that he began to feel that it really was worth while. In tact for a short time virtue became so easy for him that he gave up his evening whisky and soda as well as the smoking. But he decided that that was overdoing it and had two drinks two nights running to make up what he had lost.

The second half of the first month was fairly easy, and the money-box had already got so heavy that he had to change some of it into notes. After that there was an unexpected setback which showed how resourceful Satan was in his methods of attack. Armstrong began to put on weight at an alarming rate. He did not feel inclined to pay his doctor a guinea to find out the cause of it, so he arranged a game of golf with him and mentioned the matter casually on the seventh tee. He learned then that it was quite normal for a man to put on weight if he gave up smoking. Something to do with metabolism, the doctor said. Whether that was true or not, the fact remained that all Armstrong's trousers and waistcoats were getting uncomfortably tight.

That nearly broke him down again. He tried dieting for three days, but found that he could not face a hunger for food as well as a craving for tobacco and announced dejectedly at lunch one day that he supposed he would have to take to smoking again to get his weight down. It was then that he discovered that the attitude of his womenfolk had undergone a complete change. True, he had already noticed that his wife had been making rather frequent references lately to curtains and coffee cups; and that every time Carolyn came (Continued on page 78)

"THAT was a smash! Two of them down together. Marathon's one of them, but the riders are all right, just got clear"



Britain's Loneliest Islands

Outposts Off The Scottish Coast

By Richard Perry



Village Bay, St. Kilda

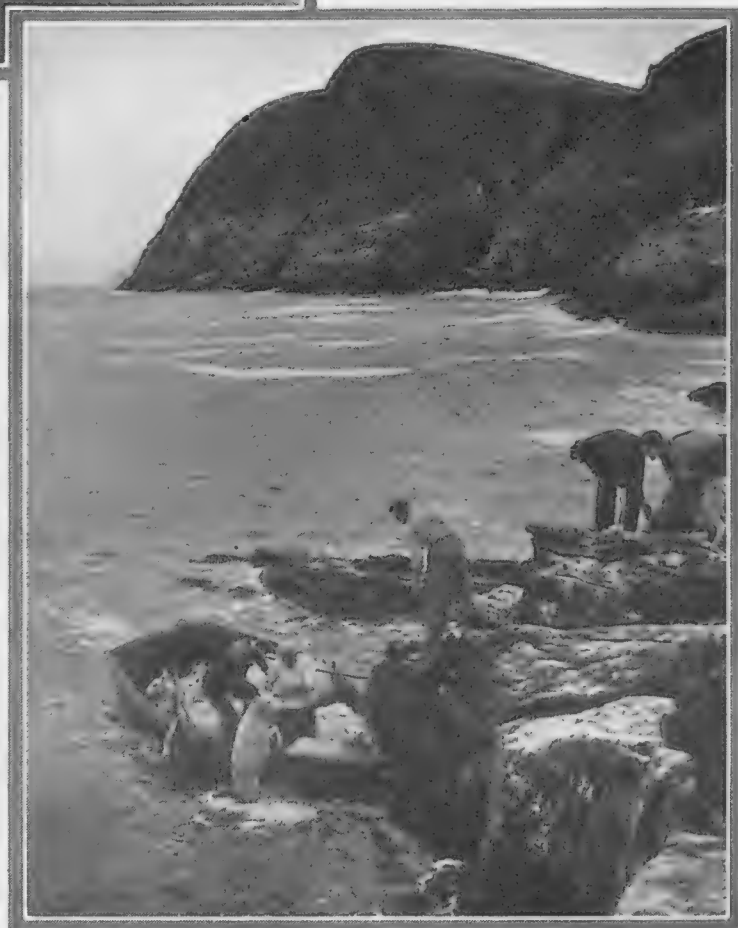
(Left) Shiant Isles. The cliffs of Garbh Eilean

(Below) Loading sheep at the East Landing; Eilean Mor, chief of the Flannans

THERE is a part of Britain that no man has seen from land: upon which men have set foot fewer than half a dozen times during the past two centuries. Even the sea-birds find it an untenable home, this white-coned stack projecting seventy feet out of the Atlantic, for green seas sweep clean over it in stormy weather; though in calmer summers a few guillemots may lay their eggs on its ever spray-wet ledges, and may even rear young ones perhaps—who knows?

Foula, the Fair Isle, Sùle Skerry, North Rona, Sula Sgeir, the Seven Hunters, St. Kilda? No, *Ultima Thule* is not among these. That nostalgic distinction is reserved for Rockall: that Atlantic reef nearly two hundred miles farther west than St. Kilda. Not much of an *Ultima Thule*, you may say, this solitary stack with its couple of attendant skerries, one of which surfaces only at spring tides. But supposing this reef had been raised only a couple of hundred feet higher, what a sanctuary it would then have been for sea-birds and for the Atlantic grey seals!

Under such circumstances Rockall, too, might have had its human settlement. Why not? It is a little more than a century since North Rona was permanently inhabited, and only sixty-five years since two shepherds lived a year—and died—on that island of only 300 acres nearly fifty miles north of Cape Wrath. Man, the most adaptable of all animals, could work out, by trial and error, a living method to suit any environment. On Rona, *wind* was the enemy to survival: Atlantic gales which could blow a waterfall up and back *horizontally* across the top of the island, and could tear large boulders out of their turfy matrix and roll them up the slope! Wind would be the enemy also on Rockall. Obviously, no ordinary house could stand against such buffetings, but if you built half of your house below ground and constructed a beehive-shaped roof of stones overlaid





and despatched in food parcels to Lewis men all over the world). The killing, plucking and salting down of this immense quantity of gugas occupies the Ness men about three weeks, and during this period they live in those same beehive bothies of flat overlapping stones (with stone slabs round the walls for beds) that they have used from time immemorial—for Sula Sgeir probably never had a permanent settlement, though, once again, it boasts the traditional hermit's cell; and a very austere person its owner must have been, to survive as an anchorite on this particular "rock"!

We cannot get away from hermits on these loneliest of our islands, and their tradition is, in some small degree, maintained: your modern hermits being naturalists, who camp, or transport their sectional huts, or even live in the old beehives, for days or weeks or months, studying the sea-birds and seals, which make such islands their special haunts. Hermits on North Rona and Sula Sgeir, and now southwards to the Seven Hunters or Flannans, the Isles of St. Flann, nearly twenty miles west of Lewis. Certainly, the saint's drystone chapel still

(Below) Village Street, St. Kilda. This was the loneliest inhabited island off Britain until twenty years ago when the inhabitants of forty were evacuated to the Ross-shire mainland

with turf, the Atlantic devil would buffet in vain; and would, moreover, be unable to penetrate the low tunnel, which served as entrance to the single circular subterranean room, murkily lighted by the smoke-hole in the roof.

It was, indeed, in such beehive dwellings that the five families of eighteenth-century North Rona lived; and, what is more, they reared sheep and cattle, and raised better crops of corn and potatoes than did their less primitive kin dwelling in the comparative luxury of Lewis, that northernmost island of the Outer Hebrides proper. Nor is Rona yet forgotten by men, for one day in every August the men of Lewis visit the island to gather the sheep which they pasture there, unshepherded, from one year to the next. For a thousand years, perhaps, men have found life tolerable on Rona, with sea-birds in their hundreds of thousands to be had for the taking, to provide them not only with food, but with light and bedding; and before them, a hermit of course, whose actuality is perpetuated in his cell, which now houses young fulmars and fork-tailed petrels, and in his name, St. Ronan.

Nor is the art of beehive dwelling yet dead. A dozen miles west of Rona lies a still smaller island, only half a mile long and little more than 200 feet in height—Sula Sgeir. As its name betokens, it is, however, big enough to hold a colony of eight or nine thousand solan geese—the great white gannet of the naturalist. Back through the centuries, whenever weather has permitted, the men of Ness in Lewis have dared to make the fifty mile voyage to Sula Sgeir in their open boat, for the purpose of slaughtering a couple of thousand "gugas," as they call the young gannets (valued at six shillings a head to-day,



stands on the largest of the seven islands, resembling—as one of our modern naturalist-hermits has put it—a dog-kennel; but he, too, must have found life austere to a degree on this thirty-nine acre rock, thinly covered with turf, and nearly 300 feet in height.

To-day, the hermits of the Flannan Isles are the three light-house keepers on this loneliest of rock lights, impatiently awaiting, after their two months on the "rock," their relief and their month on shore in Lewis. Their only contacts with the outside world being by radio with the lighthouses on the Butt of Lewis and on the Monach Isles to the south, the return of the sea-birds in the spring, especially the thousands upon thousands of gay-coloured puffins, means much to them.

(Continued on page 76)

BRITISH publishers still lead the world in artistic book production, despite economic handicaps. I cannot praise too highly the luxury *format* of four volumes this month which are a joy to handle as well as read.

Doris Langley Moore's "The Woman in Fashion" (Batsford, 25s.) is a history of styles from c.1800 to 1927, with photographs by Felix Fonteyn of stage, screen and other celebrities wearing dresses from her unique collection. On the psychology of fashion, she disputes that it has sex appeal for its principal purpose, which is rather to demonstrate women's independence and freedom from masculine domination, and their scorn of men's

Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

habitual hostility to new styles. A topic to argue about, but a book to treasure.

EXQUISITE ballet photographs by Duncan Melvin illustrate Pigeon Crowle's "Moira Shearer" (Faber, 21s.), a biography of the dancer who trained in South Africa, conquered Covent Garden, then the film world in *The Red Shoes*. When the part was first offered her she said "No," because she was against combining film work with a ballet career. Only when she heard that Massine and Helpmann had signed and the part might go to a foreign ballerina did she consent to fill the indispensable rôle of a dancer who could act and *not* just an actress who would pretend to dance—with the help of a "double."

FERNAND WINDELS worked in a cave with four small acetylene lamps, and with infra-red photography on details—for the first time in a Paleolithic subject—to get the 160 monochrome and eight superb colour plates which illustrate "The Lascaux Cave Paintings" (Faber, 42s.). These prehistoric murals recently found near Montignac in the Dordogne are described as the finest of their kind in number, size, artistic quality and state of preservation. Experts contributing are the Abbé Henri Breuil and Leroi-Gourhan; Annette Laming collaborates on Windels' text, which is translated by Prof. C. F. C. Hawkes. Scholarship and camera technique make this a monumental work on the subject.

CATS have had a good press of late, and now they have a book of rare beauty in Christabel Aberconway's "A

NOVELS OF CHARACTER

PROBLEMS of character and human relationship have always interested Frank Swinnerton. In "The Doctor's Wife Comes to Stay" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) Rex Tweed, an artist, goes to live with his wife's parents while she visits America and gradually discerns the tragedy of their life together. "Here," he says, trying to explain it, "you had two people who, though they were married for forty years, had nothing in common, except the children. Thirteen years between them, which that vain old man reduced to two. They didn't grow more like as time went on." Mr. Swinnerton probes the

enigma absorbingly, making of it a fundamental story.

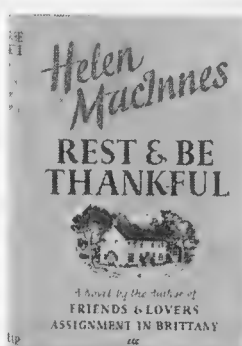
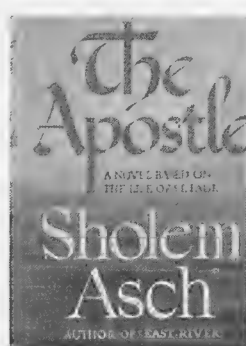
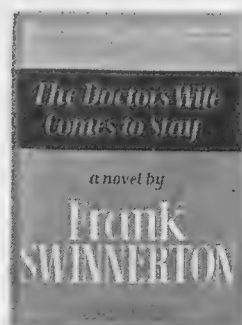
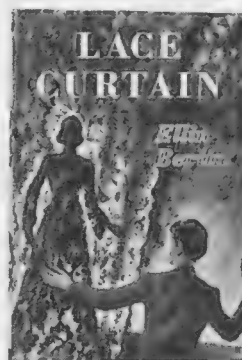
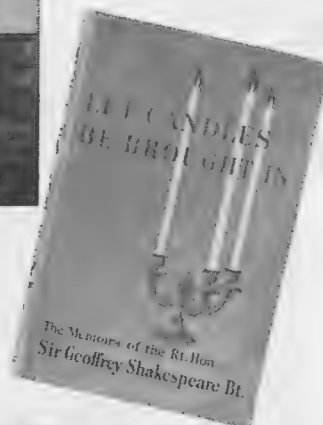
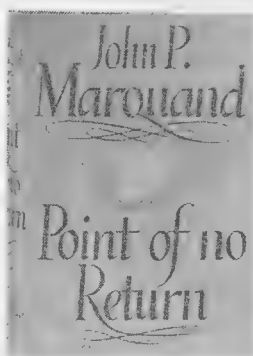
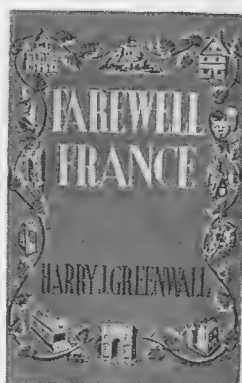
Ethel Mannin's "Bavarian Story" (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.) has a small Catholic town under the Nazis and the occupation for setting. Into the life of a girl there comes an Irish-born G.I. When he discovers that she really loves a local music-master returned from a concentration camp he guesses it is time he quitted a place where he doesn't belong. This poignant love story with its deeply sympathetic picture of Bavarian life and faith, is the mature Mannin at her best.

Dictionary of Cat Lovers" (Michael Joseph, 30s.), an anthology of the writings of cat-lovers from ancient Egyptian to modern times, charmingly illustrated. Lady Aberconway's delightfully varied "quotes" include one from the Frenchman Say claiming that while the dog's popularity is based on mankind's desire to possess slaves, the cat in independence, love of comfort, etc., closely

resembles humanity itself. I admire cats for their quietness and repose—except on the tiles—and their scornful displeasure when confronted by hectoring, bullying canines. This admirable book confirms my notion that the meek deserve to inherit the hearth if not the earth.

AS a journalist Harry J. Greenwall has known France intimately from nearly forty years back, and in "Farewell, France" (Temple, 10s. 6d.) he draws on his memories, vividly contrasting *then* with *now*. We have inside stories of statesmen: the diabetics, for example, that made Clemenceau always wear grey cotton gloves, changing them four times a day and buying eleven dozen pairs at a time; why Deschanel once jumped from a night train and was found wandering in pink pyjamas and slippers; how Briand was found reading a White Sales catalogue when he shut himself up to "prepare a speech" on foreign policy; his reply to a U.S. pressman who asked him why France wanted more submarines—"To catch sardines"—and this slant on his laziness: "I have become a *concierge* fisherman. I have attached a little bell to my float, so that when a fish bites, the bell rings and wakes me up." Mr. Greenwall is an astute observer who debunks, romances, and entertains.

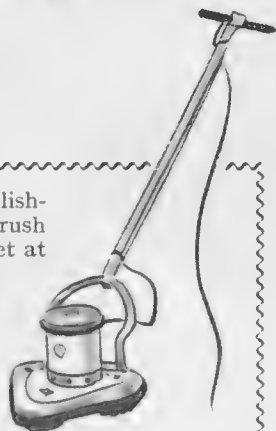
THE inside of political life is chiefly Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare's concern in "Let Candles Be Brought In" (MacDonald, 21s.), memoirs covering his career as M.P. and in many Ministerial posts. An exciting diversion was a visit to Rudolf Hess, who kept three lions in a garden cage, one of which got out. "... Jack Abbey and I had difficulty in carrying on our conversation with Hess while the beast was prowling in the vicinity. Fortunately Hess also had a savage Alsatian dog, which chased the lion round the garden and drove him back into the pen." Then followed a (Continued on page 80)



Please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to The Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, if you would like further details of the items illustrated here which were

SEEN in PASSING

TO take the strain from floor polishing. A finger-light, three-brush electric polisher now on the market at 18 gns. plus purchase tax, giving equally good results with tiled, wood or lino floorings. To complete the housemaid service, there is an automatic waxer which applies an even film of wax or polish to the floor. Price 1 gn.



WHEN lamps are lit. Few things are so conducive to conversation round the fire

as the friendly light of an oil lamp. This mantle lamp gives a soft, high-power white light generated from paraffin without pressure. The fuel capacity is 1½ pints, and the lamp will burn for thirteen hours without refueling. Made in brass and finished in nickel or cream. Price £2 10s. 0d., shade 18s. 7d. extra.



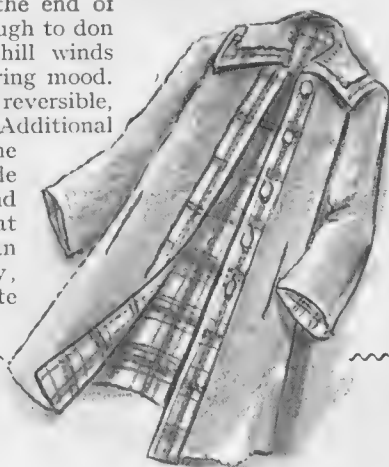
NYLON lingerie at last. It is still rather expensive, but a good investment in time saved on laundering. Petticoat and panties set in pastel nylon organza, a softly rippled material, are £5 3s. 2d. the set. Nylon seersucker camiknickers are £2 0s. 6d. Spotted nylon ninon pantie and camiknicker sets in either lupin blue, pink, or turquoise with tailored brassiere tops, £4 2s. 0d. the set. Nighties to match, £5. Nylon ninon nightgowns in palest pinks and blues, softly gathered at waist and shoulder are £3 12s. 6d., or there is another charming style available in lemon, peach, sky, ivory or black at £4 14s. 3d.



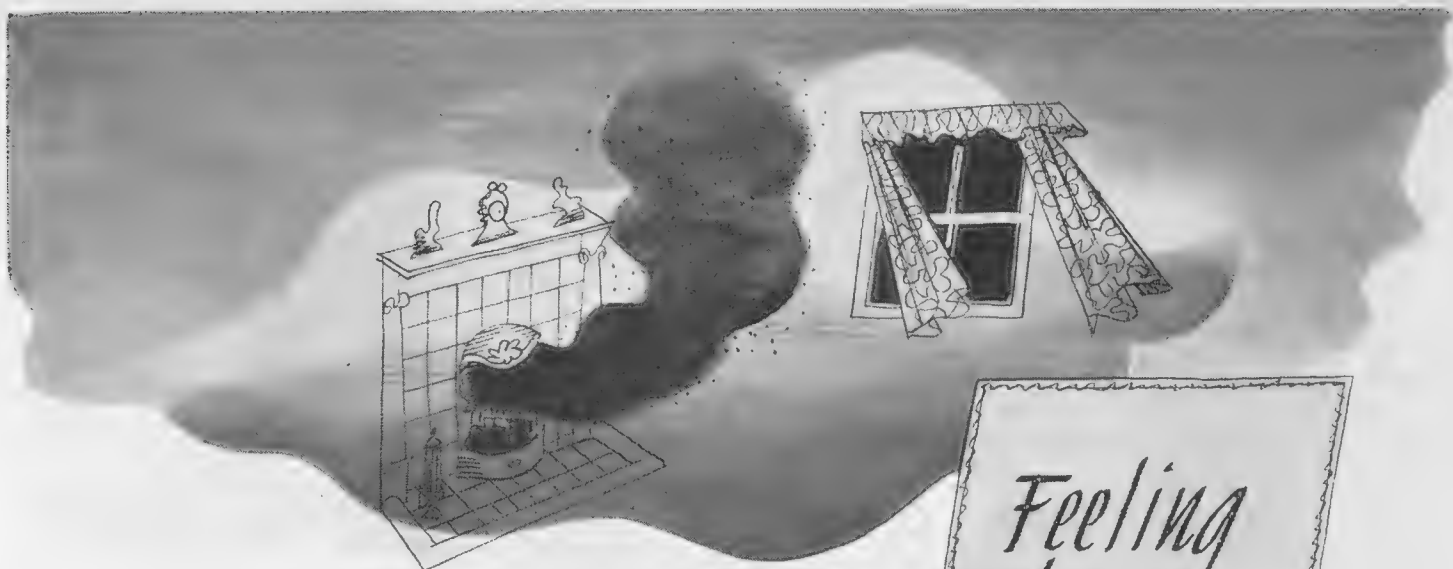
LUXURY in the bathroom. A candlewick bathmat with monogram worked into the tufting to give the distinctive touch. The mats are in two-tone shades of rose, gold, green, blue and, particularly striking, black and white. Price 42s. 6d., with initial 1s. 10d. extra. Small turkish bath towels, 24 in. by 48 in. In lovely colours price 13s. 8d. each. Large white turkish bath towels, 40 in. by 70 in., 26s. 3d. each.



COMPLETELY reversible. A useful "double-duty" three-quarter length fur coat in Tescan Embros Lamb, lined throughout with wool in gay tartans or plain colours. An excellent buy for the end of winter as it is cosy enough to don against early spring chill winds and yet still in the spring mood. The coat is completely reversible, even to the pockets. Additional fashion points are the slightly flared back, wide collar, loose sleeves and front fastening. The coat costs £32 0s. 0d. and can be obtained in grey, hazelnut, or chocolate brown Embros Lamb.



AFTER-SIX accessories. For formal occasions, Elbow length silk jersey gloves topped with a froth of net. They look particularly graceful with strapless evening ballet length dresses. Price 36s. 4d. A midget handbag for cocktail time and later, holds lipstick, compact and small change. This one was heartshaped in black suede, but there are other shapes and other colours. Price from 25s.



*Feeling
the
draught?*

WE often go on indefinitely suffering the discomfort of draughts in the house for the mere want of getting around to the matter of putting them right. Sometimes some simple carpentry which the man of the house is equal to will do the trick; sometimes the trouble calls for more expert treatment. Often enough a little common sense adjustment will prove a sufficient palliative for the shrill currents of air which so effectually put paid to comfort.

Floors, windows and doors are the main sources. A fitted carpet with a felt is the ideal solution for gaping floorboards, but where this is not possible there are other ways.

If gaps in the boards are wide they can be filled by inserting thin wooden lathes (smoothly planned strips of box wood are a good substitute). Smear each side of the lathe with glue and hammer into place with a mallet. Allow the glue to set before planing the surface smooth and staining to match the other boards. It is seldom that such a drastic operation is necessary. More often than not filling the cracks with plastic wood is sufficient.

IF draughts whistle through the windows check up on the sash cords in the case of large windows. If these are slack or

broken the panes gape. A rusty window catch may have the same effect and a new one may seal the window more effectively.

Swollen or shrunken wood panes call for some expert carpentry, but as a substitute a lining to the curtains is often effective. Curtains give most shelter from draughts when they are allowed to overlap the frames by a few inches at either side, falling well below the sill. If the cold stream finds its way in at the bottom, a wooden draught screen about three inches in depth, painted to match the woodwork and screwed on to the inner sill is practical and not unsightly.

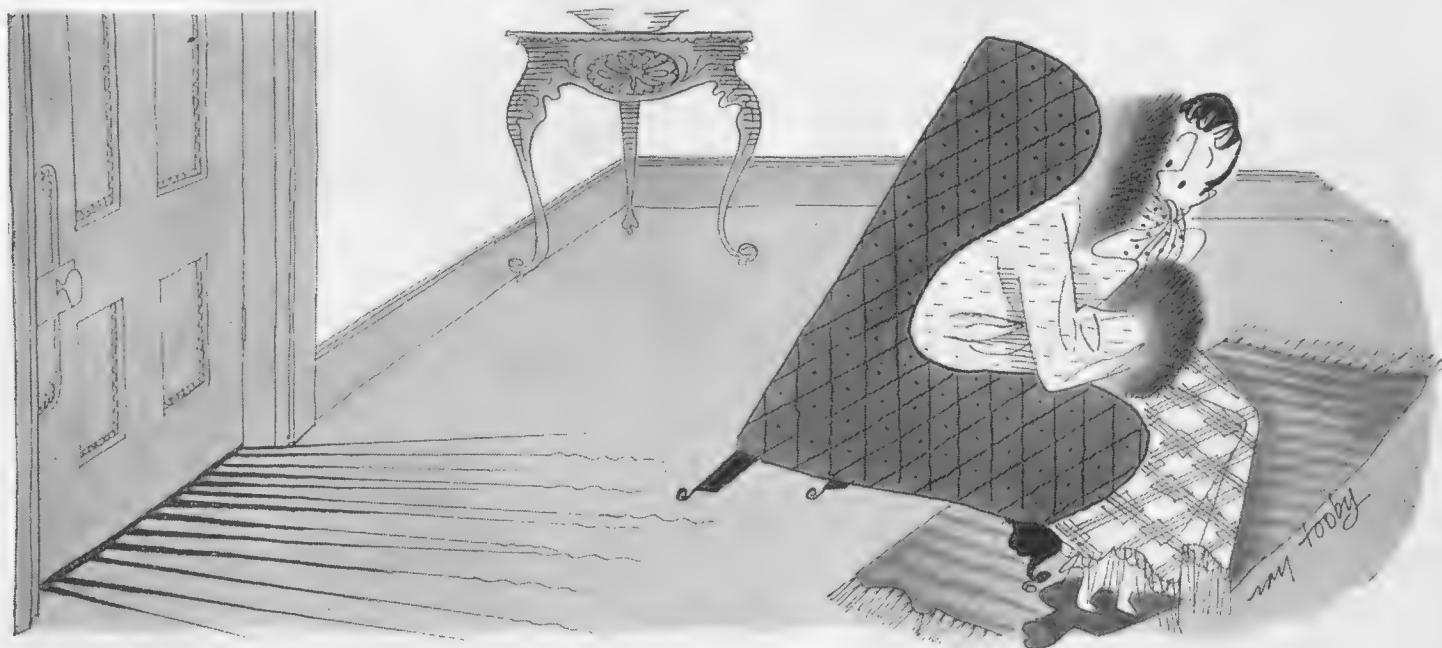
STRIPS of rubber draught-excluder at the bottoms and sides of doors and windows are simple to fix and quite effective where more elaborate methods are rejected. There are some practical metal fittings which can be fixed to metal or wooden frame windows. One type costs 3s. 9d. a foot and another 6s. 6d. Both carry a guarantee of efficiency. This type of draught-excluder is as neat and unobtrusive as any.

As with windows, doors sometimes need a little mechanical adjustment. Loose hinges which allow the door to sag leave

a gaping entry for draughts. If the hinges are not too badly worn it is sometimes enough to tighten the hinge screws.

If all else fails a screen is a good answer to the searching fingers of draughts. A nice old screen is decorative in itself and ensures at least one cosy corner in your home.

A DRAUGHT down the chimney which sends billows of smoke into the room is very much a matter for technical advice. When investigations into minor obstructions such as soot, loosened bricks and even birds' nests have failed, the trouble is usually found to be in some constructional fault. These can sometimes be corrected at small expense by the addition of a cowl; the raising by an inch or so of the hearth level. The picturesque open hearth with firebasket which is most inclined to temperament, sometimes responds to a small vent in the hearth which stimulates the upward draught.



February Fillips

MORALE

A good "pep pill" is an early holiday. Fresh surroundings, even the happy anticipation, work wonders. A week-end in the country is a great refresher.

If you cannot take your holiday now, have fun planning. The very thought of "pastures new" is cheering. Get out into the parks and country watching spring advancing freshens mind and body.

Tackle petty problems. Try a new approach to your difficulty. There probably is a constructive way of dealing with it after all.

Number all the amusing things which happen. Laughter is a physical tonic. Take a day off; try and make a hat; look up a long-lost friend. Action relieves frustration, is a stimulant for the mind.



HOME

Bring in approaching spring with budding branches and flowering bulbs. Experiment with floral decorations. A new colour scheme is a tonic. Dye the curtains and loose covers—even the bedspreads and blankets. Add a coloured turn-down to the sheets. Re-cover cushions; dye a faded rug to harmonise (a thick paint-brush and a strong solution of dye will do it). Paint the front door.

Make attractive swab seats of easy-to-clean plastic for kitchen and bathroom.

Put a seat by the telephone. Eliminate accident traps—loose stair-rod; that rug you always trip over. Paint a simple design on an all-white service. Lacquer brasses for near-permanent gleam.

Get the best out of your home and have fun letting yourself go. By giving your home a fillip you give yourself and the family one, too!

Spring around the corner is the fillip of the month, but this change to the loveliest season finds us at low ebb. Celia Benabu makes some suggestions for counteracting pre-spring depression.



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Clothes neat and fresh from the cleaners are a good morale-booster. Brighten tired necklines where first signs of wear appear. Have a series of clip-on collars and revers, and reface those on suit and coat. Send your shoes back to the shop or manufacturer for complete renovation, which gives you a near-new pair.

Adjust hems to the fashionable higher line. Add new accessories, different coloured belts to a neutral dress, blouses or jumpers to skirt and suit.

Cut a dash with a new hair-style (but have it cut by an expert), a different make-up. Indulge in a facial, have a pedicure and get your feet off your mind; have a cleansing, refreshing steam bath.

Play up your best feature, but spend time dressing up the worst. . . . Make a matching scarf and umbrella cover. Try new colours. Most important, greet the spring with a well-groomed air, clothes that are pressed, brushed, stain-free, straight-stockings seams, well-kept shoes, unbulging handbag, rounded off with careful make-up and cared-for hair will give the fillip to your appearance.



(Below.) To-day weight is no indication of quality. The moulded laminations in this dining-room chair are bonded with synthetic resin under high-frequency electrical pressure. It is light, elegant and tough.



(Below.) New factory techniques; simplified, well-proportioned designs, and improved methods of production, bring sound, modern furniture within the means of the average home-maker. This "Cumbræ" dining-room suite costs only 51 guineas.



(Above.) Furniture need not look opulent in order to be comfortable. This simple corner of a Swedish living-room has a continuous corner-settee fitted with loose mattresses and deep, sprung cushions at the back.



The Look Of The Thing

WITH the end of Utility restrictions on furniture design, production has returned to something like its pre-war variety. To-day home-makers must again exercise discrimination if they are to get the best value for their money.

In choosing furniture first impressions are important, but the quality of furniture cannot be judged by appearances alone. The wise shopper will subject every prospective purchase to a number of commonsense tests.

The first test should be for efficiency. A piece may be pleasing to the eye and exquisitely made, but it will still be a white elephant if it does not do its job properly. An easy chair must be easy; a dining chair must support the sitter comfortably; a desk or table must leave room for the knees; drawers and shelves must be of the right shape for their particular purpose—and so on.

Having satisfied yourself that a piece is efficient, consider its quality and craftsmanship. The simplest furniture is often the soundest in construction. Fussy ornaments, beadings, applied plaques, carvings, showy handles, may disguise faulty workmanship and poor materials.

To judge the quality of furniture, examine the back and the inside as well as the front. Though the back of a chest of drawers or the top of a cupboard may be made of light, cheap wood or composition board there should be no raw edges; joints should be neat and firm. If the back is shoddy, the whole piece is probably second-rate. Test all moving parts—doors and drawers in particular. Make sure that they operate easily without sticking, jamming or rattling. When you close a well-fitting drawer you should feel a little cushion of air-resistance just as the drawer shuts.

Do not confuse solidity with quality or weight with strength. During the war the aircraft industry

(Below.) An easy chair cannot be judged by size and appearance. Quality of springing and upholstery, height and angle of seat, back and arms are points which count. This lightly-constructed wing easy chair by Ernest Race has a steel-rod frame; rubberised-hair stuffing; traditional hand-made fully-sprung seat.



Simple furniture, such as this, demands a high quality of craftsmanship. Elaborate carvings, applied showy handles, beadings and similar trimmings, sometimes hide poor material and shoddy workmanship.

(Below.) There is a French sense of style in this simple but beautifully-proportioned chest of drawers by Jean Royère of Paris. It passes all the tests of craftsmanship for a chest in construction and design.



Developed new techniques in fuselage construction which have now been adapted to furniture-making. Some of the newest furniture is in moulded, laminated wood bonded with synthetic resin under high-frequency electrical pressure—a method used in the manufacture of helicopter blades. This furniture is light and hard-wearing. The bonding material will itself stand up to greater stresses than the timber which it joins, and a simple butt joint bonded with synthetic resin can be stronger than the most elaborately fitted joints of pre-war days.

Having chosen furniture which is practical in design and sound in construction, make sure that it has a genuine surface. Unnatural colouring, artificial shading, stains which are intended to make one wood imitate another, and sticky-looking varnishes are all sham surfaces which disguise the freshness of new wood and prevent it from ever acquiring a natural mellowness and charm. A high polish is not in itself an indication of quality and is not the best finish for all furniture. Fine French polishing will bring out the full beauty of closely-grained, decorative timbers such as sycamore or Australian walnut.

Light oak or elm cottage furniture looks better in the natural semi-matt finish which it acquires from the moderate application of clear wax polish. Some of the new furniture has the surface impregnated with plastic which renders it impervious to burns or stains. This finish is good for the tops of tables liable to stains.

Roger Smithells.





Place mats need no apology. For what they save in laundry, for easy meals round the fire, for bringing colour to the table, they speak for themselves. These suggestions for making place mats are to set you thinking along new lines for yourself.

THERE are two schools of thought about place mats. They can either be small, usually circular mats to place under the dinner plate, used in conjunction with formal table linen, or they can be a substitute for the table-cloth and sufficient unto themselves. In this case each place mat must be large enough and stout enough to take plate, silver, glass or cup, with plenty of room to spare. To a considerable extent, the size of the mat will determine the material it is made from.

Linoleum makes an excellent basis for small place mats, which can then be decorated with whatever coloured scrap the ingenuity can devise. The first illustrated was made from chintz. The outer circle is of plain chintz backed with lining and neatly bound at the edge. The centre is of flowered chintz scalloped and buttonhole-stitched to the background fabric. These mats are, of course, washable and can be square or circular.

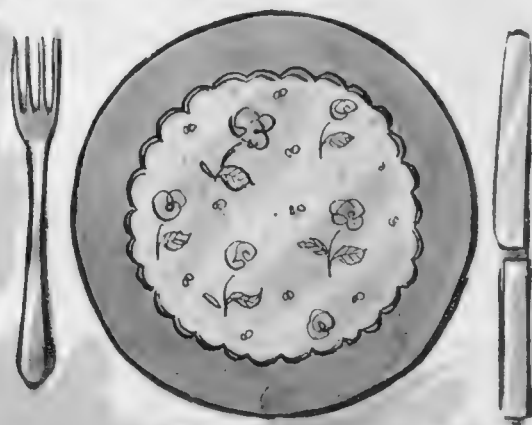
Christmas cards, flower pictures, in fact any attractive print can be used to decorate a lino or cork mat. Glue in place and paint over the print with heat-resisting varnish and allow to harden thoroughly before putting the mat into use.

Larger table mats can be made most successfully from dish-cloth yarn, which can be bought at most drapers' shops for under 2s. a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Choose the thicker variety available, so that the mat will be firm and close. The yarn can be dyed almost any colour and can best be done while it is still in the hank. Hang up to dry, to keep the colour evenly distributed.

With No. 10 needles, cast on 70 stitches, and, knitting fairly tightly, work for 18 ins. in garter stitch (every row plain). Cast on purlwise and slip the first stitch of every row to keep the edges neat and even. If in spite of care, the edges are uneven, they can be turned under and hemmed, or a fringe in matching or contrasting yarn can be added at each end.

WASHABLE oil-baize cloth makes serviceable mats for use in the nursery or in the kitchen. Choose a light or a gay colour, and cut to the size required—18 ins. by 12 ins. makes a useful size. The edges can now be bound with coloured bias binding, either stitched with large running stitches or sewn on the machine. A decoration in the centre or in one corner can be added, using either a transfer, as in our illustration, or a cut-out motif, glued on and varnished over.

Squares of coloured felt make very attractive mats. They can be all of one matching colour, or in several colours to make a harlequin set. Felt, of course, needs no neatening, but the edges can be bound for a rather richer effect. Marks can usually be quite simply removed by sponging with warm water and a soapless detergent, or with a spirit cleaner.





Tea Topics

Although the pleasant ritual of teatime, is not solely a matter of fragile china and dainty linen, elegant equipment plays an important part in making tea a favourite English ceremony.

DECORATED china, with flaws large enough to qualify for "export reject," yet too small for the inexperienced eye to detect, are to be found for the searching. The very fact that complete matching services are so few and far between has revived a fashion in vogue in the early part of the century for the Harlequin Teaset. Utility china, beautiful in design for all its plain whiteness, can be charmingly offset now against coloured linen. Etceteras in the form of embroidered tea-cosies, decorated tea-trays, silver tea-knives and spoons, bring their own individual cachet.

1. Four charming teacups and saucers picked at random from the "export rejects" on sale at a Regent Street store. Each one is different, yet together they make an exquisite and unusual tea service.

2. At no other mealtime is fine linen so essential. This pale green linen set comprises a small cloth and six matching napkins, embroidered in drawn thread-work. The cloth in (1) is from a Madeira tea-set of cloth and six matching napkins. Knives and spoons are in silver.

3. This modern descendant of the Georgian silver teapot is in untarnishable metal, elegantly streamlined for easy pouring and easy cleaning. The kettle, sketched in the heading, completes the set and is handsome enough to come into the dining-room as an extra hot-water container. The quilted tea-cosy is in pastel pink and the tray in pastel green, decorated with a flower print motif.



Reflection Factors

COLOURS materially affect the amount of illumination in a room, whether natural or artificial.

Some colours absorb light, others reflect it. In a room with limited natural lighting, colours with the highest reflection value enhance illumination. Consider the choice of colours in relation to daylight and nightlight, otherwise a room which is cheerful enough before dark may subside into shadow when the electric lights come on.

The colours on a shade card may have a different effect when spread over a large area under the influence of light either from the windows or from lamps. High reflection colours will appear lighter; low reflection colours will darken. Thus it is that the colours which are appealing in the paintpot often disappoint when they appear upon the walls.



Low ceilings and small windows call for light-reflecting colours. This cottage room has white-painted walls and ceiling, highly glossed to reflect the highest degree of light, and varnished beams. Fabrics and lampshades are light.



A good natural light and a sunny aspect permit the use of a matt surface for walls. Pale peach is used as a background here. This, with a flat surface, reflects sunshine but softens glare.

COLOURS AND LIGHT VALUES

This table shows the degree of light reflection to be expected from given colours in relation to ceilings, walls, floors and woodwork.

Position.	Colour.	Reflection Factor per cent.
Ceiling	White	84
	Pale Cream	73
	Pale Peach Pink	65
Wall	Deep Cream	70
	Primrose	70
	Light Buff	60
	Portland Stone	55
	Eau de Nil	50
	Peach	50
	Light Grey	45
	Eggshell Blue	45
	Salmon Pink	42
Floor	Light Stone	53
	Middle Buff	43
	Dark Stone	41
	Tan	35
	Medium Brown	25
	Sage Green	20
	Peacock Blue	17
	Maroon	15
Woodwork	Golden Yellow	62
	Sky Blue	47
	Grass Green	20
	Nigger Brown	15

Below : Pastel grey walls, though delicate enough by daylight, tend to become gloomy at night unless strategic lighting is added.



Paste-On Frieze

TRANSFER and paste-on friezes help to brighten a shabby room for a small outlay. There are gay nursery friezes for the children's room, flower transfers to camouflage the effects of cooking and steam in the kitchen, galleons in full sale and crinoline ladies for cream-walled rooms and for decorating furniture.

Stick-on friezes are supplied in sets of eight pictures, either vignettted or cut-out, each about six to ten inches square. They will adhere to almost any surface, and are washable.

Transfers range in size from 2½ to 8 inches in height and can be impressed on to any smooth surface, including glass. They, too, are washable, though a coat of varnish prolongs their life.

In addition to decorating walls under the picture-rail, or above skirtings, the transfers can be used on painted furniture, or to transform fire-screens, wall cabinets, cupboards, lampshades.

A small room with a dormer window takes more light from white woodwork and a white wallpaper delicately patterned with yellow. Hard and soft surfaces have been chosen with a view to their high reflection value.



Fashion and the modern way of life have played havoc with our grandmothers' tenets of behaviour for a lady. The formality and the self-effacement are gone, but though these and other items from the Victorian book of rules have been discarded, it is still a fact that such outward signs of a disciplined character as these are still the ones by which . . .

You can always Tell a Lady

By her manner to subordinates, which is always pleasant and never overbearing.

A well-modulated voice, never raised even in moments of stress.

Social conversation aimed at subjects agreeable to others, not tuned exclusively to her own interests.

The ability to disagree politely without contradicting.

Her manners within the family circle, which are as meticulous as those without.

As grandmother said: "Admits an acquaintance to the drawing-room of her mind as she would to her house." Never confides intimate affairs *ad lib*.

Fastidiousness about small personal details. Dainty handkerchiefs, spotless shoulder-straps, tidiness in her handbag.

Remembers bread-and-butter letters; the word of thanks on leaving; the 'phone call to express appreciation after a party.

Her discriminating use of scent, of cosmetics, of artificial jewellery and of gaudy colours.

Her immaculate dressing-table, orderly drawers, neat cupboards, spotless powder-puffs.

Her moderation in the use of slang, bare midriffs, over-long, over-coloured nails, slit skirts and plunge necklines.

Accepting favours with grace and conferring them without patronage.

Never seeming to con another woman's clothes, though she is able to pay a graceful tribute if she approves.

By striking a nice balance between inquisitiveness and friendly interest.

Administers a just rebuke without malice and accepts one without resentment.

The way she looks when somebody drops a brick. Unflustered, unaware.

The way she walks and sits. Relaxed but controlled. Never jittery or sprawling.

Her unfailing deference to older people, especially the very aged.

The way she receives a compliment, showing pleasure without preening.

Her reactions, which do not vary from the normal whenever you catch her off her guard.

WE make no apology for this summary of the characteristics which together make up the total of feminine grace known to our grandmothers as "ladylike."

In a slipshod age we tend to neglect the more gracious aspects of social exchange. There seems less time, even less inclination for the niceties of deportment which once counted for so much. Though the modes and manners for a lady of the past may seem absurd by present standards; though the woman who includes all these characteristics in her battery of charms may seem, and certainly is, almost too perfect to be true, the very essence of appeal lies in the countless subtle ways by which one can always tell a lady.





Winter Green

ONE of the more exciting trends in interior decoration is the fashion of actually growing plants against the wall of living- or bedroom—in fact any plain surface that needs added interest. We all have awkward spaces on our walls that cry out for something—but not another picture; a trailing ivy, a lush fern, vine, or one of the many other climbers actually growing against a white or cream wall is the perfect answer.

The hardier plants demand little expert care, and need only a reasonable share of light, air and water. They are willing for temperatures to drop a little at night—as they would under natural conditions out of doors—but will obviously not live happily near a roaring fire one day if they have to shiver the next. Generally speaking, they prefer a fairly even coolth rather than warmth. They dislike the dryness caused by electric fires—avert this by providing humidity by way of water beneath the pot.

ONE of the several small-leaved varieties of ivy makes a good-tempered start. A pot in a wall bracket will allow the ivy to trail in a fascinating fashion, and it can be persuaded to “climb” the wall upwards with transparent tape.

There is an enormous variety of ferns—choose one of the delicate, feathery ones, and it will give the feeling of a bright burst of life against a sober background. They should be placed on a wall just above

eye-level and kept very moist.

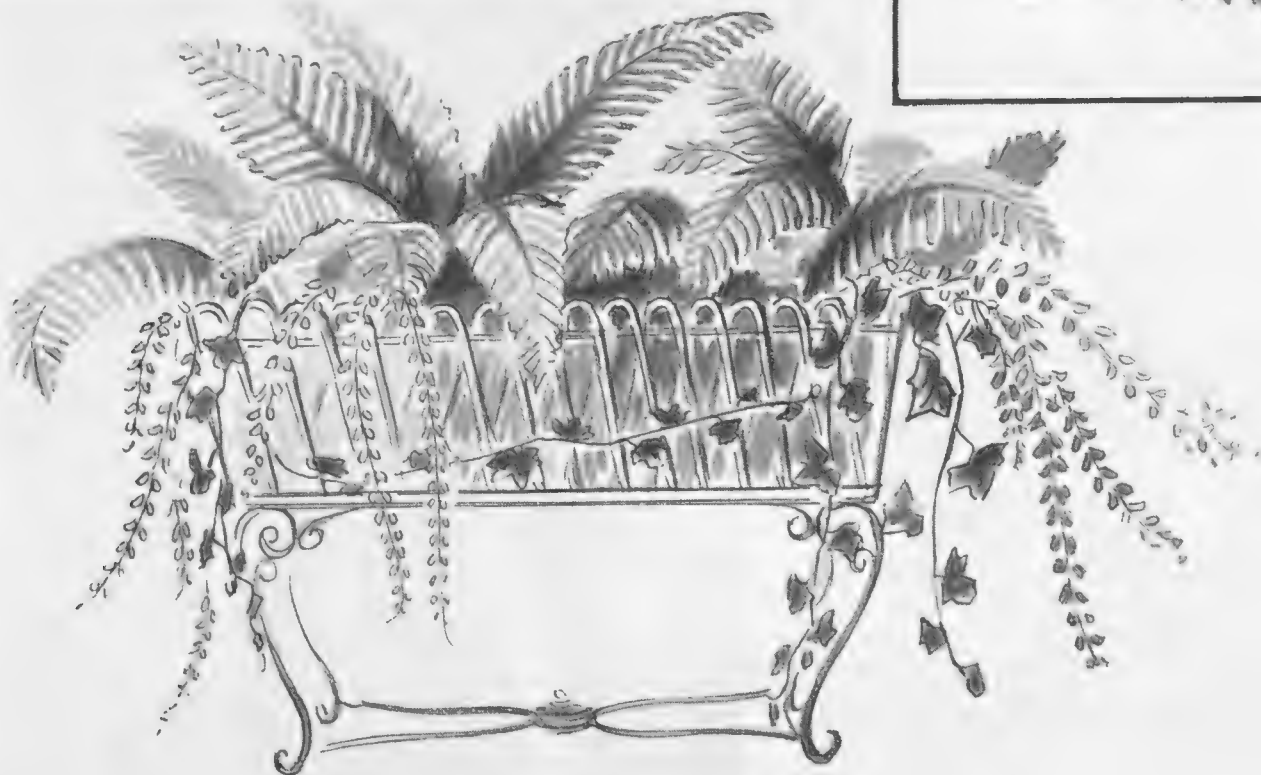
A charming way of presenting a collection of the more conventional pot plants is in the old-fashioned jardinière, now reappearing in the shops in white-painted wrought iron. The illustration below shows one.

Enormous added interest will be given to your indoor plants by finding quaint old crocks for them. This is a matter of individual enterprise and search in second-hand shops, but look for vegetable dishes or good designs, pitchers, tureens, etc., wherever you can. If the plant must stay in its pot, this can be hidden by a handmade natural rush container now on sale in several sizes. Ordinary flower pots can be painted and striped with colours.

DRAINAGE is important—always put pebbles at the bottom of your crock. Indoor plants, except cactus, on the whole need daily watering, but ask your nurseryman for specific instructions on this point.

Go for the simple, hardy ones at first, and you may work up to the exotic in due course. One of the most lovely effects I have seen was an orchid reared under a domed glass case that used to house stuffed birds. It thought, bless its heart, it was in a very special greenhouse, and of course, it was.

Jane Williams





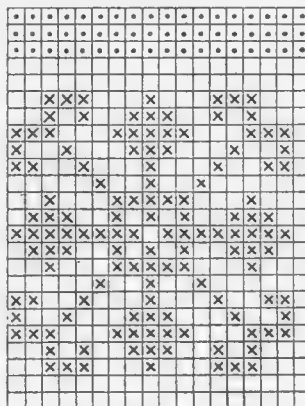
Fair Isle Sweater

MATERIALS: 6 oz. of Munrospun "Glenalmond" wool in main shade (white) $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each of four shades in the same wool (original worked in blue, red, green and yellow); 1 pair No. 12 and 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; 7 buttons; 1 medium crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS: From top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins.; sleeve from top of shoulder to end of ribbing, 21 ins.; to fit a 32 in. to 34 in. bust measurement.

TENSION: 8 sts. to 1 in.

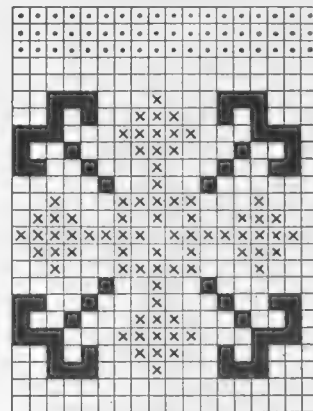
PATTERN A



18 STITCHES

□ Blue Wool □ White Wool
⊗ Red Wool

PATTERN B



18 STITCHES

□ Blue Wool □ White Wool
■ Green Wool ⊗ Yellow Wool

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles and white wool cast on 110 sts. Work 4 ins. k. 2, p. 2, rib. On the last row work twice in 5th st., then every following 6th st. until 9 sts. remain. Rib 9 (127 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and work from chart, reading odd rows, knit from right to left, and even rows, purl from left to right. (*Start the first st. and end the last st. white*).

1st Fair Isle.—All red and white (A).

2nd Fair Isle.—Green and yellow and white (B).

3rd Fair Isle.—Red and white (A).

4th Fair Isle.—Green and yellow and white (B).

5th Fair Isle.—Red and white (A).

6th Fair Isle.—Green and yellow and white (B).

The three dividing rows in blue.

Work 3 complete Fair Isle patterns and 20 rows of 4th pattern.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. each end of every row until 91 sts. remain (18 sts. decreased at each side). Work on remaining sts. (*Continued on page 76*)

With A Fancy Yoke

MATERIALS: 7 oz. La Laine Super-fingering, 3-ply; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 4 buttons; No. 12 crochet hook.

TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 in.

MEASUREMENTS: From top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins.; across back and front underarms, 17 ins.; underarm of sleeve seam, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.st. (1 row k., 1 row p.), inc. each end of the 7th and every 4th row following until 130 sts. Continue until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 96 sts. (inc. 1 st.—97 sts.). Work now in the following patt.:

1st row.—(*Right side of work facing*) P. 2, * k. 3, p. 2; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—* K. 2, p. 3; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

3rd row.—P. 2, * Slip the 3rd k. st. over 1st and 2nd sts. K. 1st and 2nd sts. P. 2; rep. from * to end.

4th row.—* K. 2, p. 1, m. 1, p. 1; rep. from * until the last 2 sts., k. 2. These 4 rows form yoke patt.

Continue until armhole (*Continued on page 76*)

ABBREVIATIONS: K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; st.st. = stocking stitch; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; inc. = increase or increasing; dec. = decrease or decreasing; patt. = pattern; d.c. = double crochet; ins. = inches.



A Suit and its Accessories

TAKE a suit, simple, beautifully tailored, build a team of accessories round it and you are set up for Spring. For this grey flannel Harella suit (Utility, approximately £8) we have selected hat, bag and gloves in black—supremely smart with grey—a knitted sweater and a good tailored blouse to alternate.

A fur felt hat (49s. 6d.) teams with a black grosgrain and leather handbag (89s. 6d.). French suède gloves, long enough to wear smartly outside the jacket sleeves, are 53s. 9d. The sweater (4 guineas) can be either black or pink—both elegant with grey—and the crêpe blouse (78s. 6d.) can be had in the same two colours or grey.



Send a stamped envelope to the Women's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.1, if you wish to know where the suit and accessories can be bought



THERE is much talk about Allergies, but what exactly are they? Allergy is a condition best described as a chemical "idiosyncrasy."

Let me give an example.

A party of people are taken ill after eating a meal. The answer is easy: food poisoning. If, however, only one person suffers ill effects, more likely than not, that person is allergic to a particular ingredient of the meal.

What are the symptoms?

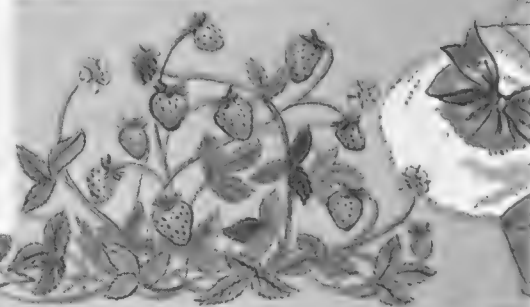
Generally, swelling, itching or some bodily discomfort. Food, animals, dust, flowers are a few of the more common things that may be responsible. Things

perfectly harmless to most people but poison to the constitution of others. The routine tests for allergy include dust, mixed pollens, cats, dogs, feathers.

Strawberries, that delicious summer fruit, are poison to some unfortunates. Eat a dish of the berries and in a short time they find themselves with an attack of urticaria, commonly known as "strawberry rash."

Other foods with a poisonous effect on certain people are eggs, fish—particularly shell fish—certain fruits, vegetables, milk and wheat.

A MAN, after eating his first half-dozen oysters, found that his face swelled up like a football. The doctor immediately diagnosed allergy to oysters. The swelling



Firm Foundations

Looking Sallow

A SKIN which is beginning to develop an end of winter sallowness is a signal for a stepping up of the general exercise routine and a changeover of diet. Switch to green salads, vegetables and fruit in place of fatty and starchy foods. Drink plenty of fluids, particularly in the form of fresh fruit juices.

STIMULATE the skin with massage and facial exercises and use an astringent generously. Remember that the skin is a mirror to general health and its colour will not improve until the causes of the trouble have been eliminated.

WHEN you feel in the need of a quick pick-me-up, apply a facial pack. This will lighten the skin, improve its colour and help to clear it of skin blemishes.

IMPU RITIES accumulated below the skin surface, from whatever cause, will lead to blackheads, open pores and spots. These unsightly blemishes can be cleaned up and removed by applying a special face pack. Its specially selected ingredients soften the outer layer of the skin and the pressure of the bloodstream will eliminate the impurities without causing any damage to the fine facial tissues, leaving them strong, healthy and clear.



ALLERGIES



(as the doctor predicted) disappeared in a couple of hours.

Chrysanthemums can cause severe skin trouble to a few people. A man developed a rash on one side of his face. After a searching inquiry, the doctor traced the trouble to a vase of chrysanthemums standing on his patient's office desk. The flowers were removed and the rash disappeared too.

French polish can have the same effect too—on some people. A specialist discovered that a bedside table, newly french polished, was the cause of skin trouble on a patient's face. Once the table was removed to the attic, the patient was cured.

Certain forms of asthma have been traced to allergy. Some kinds of food or a feather pillow may be found to irritate the system. A change from a feather to a kapok pillow and avoiding the irritating foods is known to relieve some sufferers.

Hay fever—that very common complaint—is another form of allergy. Certain people are upset by certain pollens. A vase of flowers may cause an attack.

A skin specialist considers that one of the commonest allergies is caused by cosmetics. Powder, perfectly harmless to the masses, may be poison to the few. The same applies to rouge or lipstick. When this is so, a change of brand should put things right.

The basic cause of allergy is still a mystery. The treatment, once the source of the irritation has been traced, is pure common sense; avoid all those things that cause it.

It has been found that injections of adrenaline, ephedrine or peptone may relieve the trouble, but this is entirely a matter for the doctor.

THE basis of all beauty is cleanliness. Surface cleansing is not enough. Do the job thoroughly, whether you use soap and water, a cleansing milk, a cream followed by an astringent lotion. Now apply your foundation, that important cosmetic that is going to determine the success of your make-up.

Nine out of ten faulty make-ups are due to faulty cleansing. Never patch up a worn make-up. Start again from scratch: cleanse off the old make-up and begin again.

The foundation or powder base is the cosmetic which is going to hold the powder, protect the skin from cold wind and give a smooth, *soignée*, matt surface.

There is a variety of bases on the market. Some are thick and creamy, others are in liquid form to suit every type of skin.

GENERALLY speaking, a thick, creamy base is better for the older skin. Thin liquid foundations are good for young skins but are a little more difficult to use. If you choose a liquid, apply it with *damp* cotton-wool, otherwise the moisture in the foundation is absorbed by the wool and a patchy film of powder is left on the skin.

Choose a fairly pale shade of foundation, a little lighter than the skin. Let the powder you use accent the natural colour of the skin. On occasions you may find you want to vary the colour of your powder base. If your face gets red in cold weather use a warm pink base. Again, when the complexion looks tired and colourless, use a rosy base.

"Over-forties" who find the skin on the neck darker than that on the face should use a powder base of lighter colour on the neck. Use matching shades of powder for face and neck.

The centre of the face—around the nose—is greasy; use foundation cream very sparingly on this area. Apply a very generous amount of tonic lotion first.

TWO old established cosmeticians have just produced their first powder base. One, a "Laleek beauty preparation," suited to every type of skin costs 4s. 6d., is non-sticky, delicately perfumed and will not clog the pores. The second, from the house of Goya, is particularly efficient for shiny skins. It is thick enough in texture to hide minor blemishes.

Apply foundations sparingly with small dots on forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and throat. Blend with the finger into the skin until the whole face, up to the hairline, is covered. Take off any surplus with a tissue.



Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope



Other Ways With SHELL FISH

FISH now holds a front place in our diet and for this reason many of us grow tired of the usual round of fish meals. Various kinds of shell fish can help out this difficulty; they are mostly well-flavoured and so make good and tasty dishes either alone or in the form of delicious sauces to go with other fish. Oysters and lobsters are often regarded as purely luxury foods, but if used in small quantities, fresh or tinned for made-up dishes, they need not be a wild extravagance.



Shrimp Supreme Patties

Shell fish are in many cases not clean feeders, so that certain facts about them need to be remembered. They must be absolutely fresh and though most

nutritious are not very digestible. Crab needs an especial caution as a number of people cannot take it at all. If, however, care is taken in the choosing of recipes where the fish is accompanied by



PANCAKES are one of those convenient foods which adapt themselves to any meal; to any hour of the day. They are light but nourishing; quickly prepared and provided they are served very hot, delicious to eat. What more can we ask? They can even, if necessary, be made without an egg by using one of the batter mixtures to be bought in packets. If you can spare an egg, however, you can get best results.

Little pancakes with tasty bits on top, in imitation of their American cousin the "Waffle" are very good for breakfast; Scotch pancakes for 11 o'clock or tea. Stuffed pancakes use up any left-over bits and pieces for lunch or supper. You can bake your pancakes when you have an oven on, fry them when you haven't and toss them or turn them according to your mood and courage!

The approach of Shrovetide reminds us of this long-established favourite, which is still one of our best friends in the kitchen to-day. Here is a basic recipe, and I hope you will have a lemon to make perfect your Shrove Tuesday pancake.

PANCAKES

Ingredients: 1 egg; 4 oz. flour; pinch salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, and lard for frying.

Add salt to flour. Break egg into a bowl and beat well. Gradually add flour and milk alternately—beating till smooth all the time. A fork is good to beat with to make a light batter.

Melt a walnut of lard in an omelette pan. When hot, pour in batter to cover pan thinly—as batter sets loosen the edges with a palette knife and shake free. After 2 or 3 minutes cooking, when set and golden brown underneath, toss or turn and cook other side, sprinkle with sugar, roll up and serve at once with lemon, orange or golden syrup.

BREAKFAST PANCAKES

Prepare batter as above but using 6 ozs. of flour instead of 4.

Round The Clock

Drop dessertspoonfuls into hot fat in frying-pan. Cook till golden brown on both sides. Place a spoonful of one of the following on top. Serve at once. Two rashers of bacon, chopped and fried, mixed with chopped, cooked prune, heated through—or slices of fried tomato sprinkled over crushed cornflakes previously crisped in oven or under low grill. For children, sliced banana and a sprinkling of cornflakes and sugar, or lightly spread pancake with honey and



Breakfast Pancakes



Oyster Scallops

light and suitable etceteras, they add variety to the menu.

OYSTER SCALLOPS

Ingredients: 1 large tin of oysters; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce, flavoured with

lemon juice; seasoning; breadcrumbs; 1 yolk of hard-boiled egg when available; parsley.

Boil oyster liquor and scald oysters. Beard them and strain liquor. Make the white sauce with about an oz. of margarine and a tablespoonful of flour, a little of liquor and milk; season well and flavour with lemon juice, add oysters. Heat through and fill into greased scallop shells. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and dot with margarine. Brown in oven or under grill. Garnish with border of tiny sprigs of parsley and inner border of sieved yolk of egg when available.

OYSTER TOASTS

Ingredients: 1 small tin oysters or fresh ones; 3 oz. of grated cheese; walnut of margarine; seasoning; spoonful made mustard; tablespoonful of milk; fingers of well-buttered thick toast; dessertspoonful chopped parsley.

Beard and scald oysters and heat through. Prepare a welsh rarebit mixture with other ingredients. Spread toast fingers with it. Put a little chopped oyster on each and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

SHRIMP SUPRÊME PATTIES

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. short pastry; tin of shrimps or $\frac{1}{2}$ pint fresh shrimps or prawns; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint suprême sauce (white sauce flavoured with about 8 cooked and chopped mushrooms and a squeeze of lemon juice); cochineal for colouring.

Colour sauce a faint pink. Shell shrimps and heat through in sauce, reserving a few for garnish. Line patty tins with short pastry, fill with bread crusts and bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 450°F., 15 to 20 minutes. Fill with shrimp mixture. Garnish each patty (Continued on page 74)



Pancake Sandwich

With Pancakes

add prune or banana and cornflakes. Left-over fish and parsley sauce can be creamed and put on top.

PANCAKE SANDWICHES

With this four-layered pancake it is important to choose fillings which, though quite different, yet combine when eaten together. The following includes fish, meat, vegetable and savoury. It would be good accompanied with tomato sauce and a border of peas.

Prepare pancake batter as given in the first recipe and make six very thin pancakes. Have fillings ready as pancakes should be eaten at once.

Cover first pancake with grated cheese and slices of tomato, cover with next pancake and spread it with fish and cooked mushrooms creamed with very little white sauce. Cover and spread next one with macedoine of cooked vegetables and two rashers of bacon chopped and fried. Cover and spread last layer with more cheese and chopped celery and cover with last pancake. Dot over with savoury butter (dessertspoonful chopped parsley creamed with a walnut of well-seasoned margarine), sprinkle grated cheese and a few chopped chives. Pop last pancake under grill a minute to melt and brown cheese.

SOUFFLÉ PANCAKES

Ingredients: Cooked rabbit; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint parsley sauce; cupful cooked diced carrot; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint pancake batter; chives.

Dice rabbit. Make parsley sauce, (Continued on page 74)

VEGETABLES BRAISED

BRAISED vegetables will be found to be a very good alternative to the usual method of boiling and specially with some of the winter vegetables such as cabbage which easily get mashed and discoloured unless carefully cooked. Not only are they good cooked with the meat but form an excellent vegetarian meal, using the stock for a white sauce which can be thickened and flavoured with cheese, tomato, etc., to accompany the vegetables.

There are several definite benefits attached to braising.

- The vegetables are better flavoured.
- They retain all their goodness, so have great nutritive value, and the combined meat and vegetable liquor makes a delicious gravy.
- They can be cooked with the meat, thus saving time and fuel.

Most vegetables can be braised and this method is specially good for root vegetables, carrots, turnips, etc., also celery, cabbage, cauliflower and haricot beans.

Method.—Melt a little fat in a fireproof casserole or cooking pot. Wash and prepare and chop vegetables. Fry them a few minutes in fat, stirring so that they fry all over. Add enough water just to cover vegetables. Season. Cover closely; cook gently, Regulo 3 or 250°F. $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, according to vegetables. Soak haricot beans overnight, and cook for about 3 hours.



If it is necessary to take documents arrange them neatly in an envelope. Don't stuff them into your handbag so that you have to fumble and sort them. Have a pencil and note pad to jot down important points.

AT any kind of interview allow yourself time to get there and even time for delay. If you are not naturally self-assured a last-minute rush is fatal to poise.

If you are nervous (and you won't be) take things slowly. Think and speak deliberately. In conversation consider what you have to say before you say it. Breathe deeply and regularly before you enter the room—it controls those butterflies in the stomach. When you are asked a question, pause before you answer unless you are quite certain of the reply. Your interviewer will appreciate this more than an unintelligible high-pitched gabble.

AT a social interview try to concentrate on the other person. Conversation is easier when you are exploring another person's interests.

Hands should be reposed in your lap. Actresses are taught to lock one thumb with the other, resting the hands lightly on the knees.

It is usual to spend a few moments in social pleasantries at the start of an interview before the business commences, but once down to it, talk straight to the point and don't waste words. High spirits are alright at a cocktail party but not at a serious interview.

On all occasions, social or business, let the other person talk as much as possible. It is nearly always wiser to be the listener unless a silence falls. Keep your attention on the discussion and don't let your thoughts wander to whether or not you are making a good impression or if your hat needs straightening. Keep your mind on the other person.

MAKING a graceful exit is important. There is no *exact* moment for leaving either a social or a business interview. Good sense must be the guide, but it is always wiser to make an early move than a late one. Get up slowly and calmly when the moment seems right and with a smile and a gracious word of thanks, depart. So, when you get outside you can smile with that pardonable glow of self-esteem which says you have made a good impression and know it.

At an interview for a job, a social introduction or a session with the Tax Inspector you must be confident of . . .

Putting Yourself Across

HOW often after an important business interview or a social introduction do we find ourselves wishing we could have the whole thing over again. "Why did I say that?" we ask ourselves, or "that wasn't at all like me."

The ability to be at one's best to order is a priceless asset, but what is the secret of this enviable accomplishment? This facility for saying the right thing at the right moment?

Whether it is an interview with the lawyer, a call on your son's new headmaster, a first meeting with in-laws or an interview for a job, the secret is in composure.

To begin with you must be at ease about your appearance. Decide what you are going to wear in good time to see that your gloves are immaculate and your nylons in good grooming.

If it is a tricky business interview write down the important points you wish to make before leaving home. Don't rely on memory. Note down the questions you wish to ask. Have everything tidied in your mind.

For the sake of your own morale be smart and *suitably* dressed for the occasion. All the same avoid being too dressy. A "partied up" appearance will make for self-consciousness. Aim to be attractive and beautifully groomed rather than ultra-smart. It's a little thing, but wear comfortable shoes. Have you walked the length of a street searching for a street number and arrived flustered with your feet on your mind?

GO to the hairdresser the day before the big date. A brand new hair-do looks stiff and the effects of the drier calls for a hasty replenishment of make-up. There must be nothing hurried about these preparations if you are to be well poised.

In the case of a strictly business appointment, telephone the previous day to confirm the time. It is sufficient to check with a secretary, but in cases where the arrangement has been made well in advance confirmation that you are expected adds to your peace of mind.





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folks? Do you live in a mansion—or mews?
No matter the place which you happen to
grace, be Wright in the soap that you use!*

*Be you eighty or eight, be you humble
or great, be it mornings or noon-times or
nights, you'll be wise to recall that for
health, above all, there is nothing
that's righter than Wright's!*



WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

IDEAL FOR TOILET AND NURSERY



Pat. Appl.



Purchase Tactics

In the past ten years, most of us have done too much shopping to have much natural enthusiasm left for the ordinary day-to-day variety. But since it must be done, it might as well be organized in as trouble-free and efficient a way as possible

A WOMAN going shopping is in some ways like a general on the eve of a campaign—there are far greater chances of the battle being won if things are planned in advance. We all know the happy-go-lucky type who goes out with only a vague idea of what she has to buy—and comes back having spent a good deal too much time and money, and with one or two things she doesn't really want, instead of the things she needs.

On the other hand, there is the shopper who is so determined about her expedition (even if she does it every day) that the whole thing assumes nightmare proportions. This is the sort of woman who is perpetually "on her metal" and feels any and every shopkeeper wants to cheat her if he gets the chance. She spends fourpence in bus fares to save threepence on her green-grocery bill—and never realizes she's made a poor bargain; even though her celery has no heart and the slightly cheaper tomatoes are soft—and she herself worn out.

Economical spending of time and energy is every bit as well worth considering as £ s. d., and should be taken into account just as conscientiously.

AS far as household shopping is concerned, eliminate the unnecessary. Most districts have one or two shops which deliver. Get your "bulk buying" items sent home—things like sugar, cereals, butter, margarine, marmalade, etc., on which you can't go wrong. But, unless you have every confidence in your shopkeeper, don't phone an order for eatables which vary considerably—like bacon, meat, fruit and vegetables—without seeing them for yourself first.

A weekly order for goods should include an alternative suggestion for things in short supply; otherwise you are bound—by some sinister but inescapable law of shopping averages, to be sent the one particular brand you don't like!

CAN you summon up enough courage to complain if things are not up to standard, or if assistants are unobliging or incivil? You will be doing a good service to other women, and to the right type of shopkeeper if you do. Inferior goods and slipshod service will go on as long as there are women ready to put up with them without protest. If you want to return to better conditions, do your bit by refusing to deal at shops which maintain a take-it-or-leave-it attitude or where goods lack variety or quality.

If you've a bad memory—don't be laughed out of making a shopping list. After all, it's your peace of mind which matters.

Don't overlook the resources of the street market. Explore them with an eye for discovering the fresh or rare rather than cheap, fruit and vegetables

MEMORIZE, or make a note in your diary, of your size in bra., slip, knickers. Save time and trouble by knowing your hip measurement (and this should be the current one—not your size when you were on holiday last summer).

Many women can quote their husband's collar size, but are quite confused and helpless when they try to remember their own size in gloves, or what blouse-fitting they wear, or the size sewing needles they like best. Yet who can be expected to know these things if not we ourselves?

Margaret Stevenson



For
the Shine
of Quality

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POLISH
& FURNITURE CREAM**
*Ask also
for* **RONUK**
**BOOT
POLISH**

The Power Behind The Tailor

Whether Your Husband Admits It Or Not, It Is Probably You

WHETHER your husband's lack of clothes' sense is genuine or self-consciously assumed, it comes to the same thing when he sets out to buy a new suit. You will inevitably be consulted on the quality of the cloth, if not the actual cut. This invaluable moment between the snip and the scissors, is the cue for a little subtle influence, if not downright advice, and the more *au fait* you are with men's fashion changes, the smarter your husband will look.

First rule for the power behind the tailor is to bypass the fallacious masculine argument that well tailored suits are the prerogative of playboys and spivs. They are not. You are favourably impressed by a well turned out man, so why shouldn't others be, too, including prospective employers, for instance? If smartness entails a lot of day to day valeting, that again is a matter for feminine interest, if not co-operation.

MEN'S fashions, proverbially slow in changing, have undergone noticeable modifications since before the war. Here are a few pointers, in case neither you nor your husband has noticed them.

For the time being, at any rate, waists have disappeared. The smart jacket is really easy and any suggestion of drag on the buttons means that the jacket is too tight. Whether or not you deplore the transatlantic influence, the "lounge" suit is now more than in name only. The fullness, however, must be worked over to the sleeve head so that it falls in a suggestion of a fold alongside the arm.

For all the easiness, the fit of the

shoulder and neck is vitally important, as the whole jacket hangs from the shoulders. If they don't fit at the beginning, the jacket will never look right. Despite the "spiv" influence, shoulders have not lost their trim outline.

Jackets are at least 1 inch longer than they were pre-war. Because of this, lapels are wider and longer, too. Double-breasted jackets have wide lapels which roll to the lower button, and most men prefer to button this one only. Single-breasted jackets are now made with two buttons, not three.

FOR daytime wear, single- or double-breasted styles can be worn according to taste. For evening, however, the single-breasted dinner jacket is quite out, and is old fashioned in all circumstances. Sports jackets cut on "hacking" lines, with small vents at either side of the back, are correct for all sports as well as riding.

Waistcoats have not altered greatly in style, although there is a strong tendency towards double-breasted waistcoats. If your husband's taste runs to fancy waistcoats, don't be too censorious—so long as he has the figure to wear them.

Trousers are definitely narrower than they have been for a long time, a fashion sponsored by cavalry officers who became accustomed to the narrower trousers of the Service uniform during the war.

Overcoats have the "easy" cut, too. Loose fitting raglan or box sleeve coats are rather more popular than double-breasted ones, probably because they are more practical for most occasions and look equally smart.



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Peak Time For Impostors

(Continued from page 29)

recurring incentive that it was; rather seeking for admiration, to be someone, to circulate in a darling milieu.

The causes of this are fairly obvious. All the exaggerated emphasis on Personality operates on neurotic types and borderline cases. There is the perfectly sane playboy and playgirl out solely for a good time which can be had by assuming frills. The craze for personal publicity inculcates posturing. Some purr to be war heroes, and the invention of V.I.P.s has had its effect too. In fact, celebrity worship is at the bottom of a great deal.

So is the mania for identification papers which invite to fraud. And film glorification of life goads the rebel housewife to deck herself out and posture as a lady of leisure—if only for an afternoon. On the sombre side there are those who prefer to adopt another personality, following terrorization. And racketeering à la mode calls for more than one change of identity.

The ideal is to impersonate someone who brings both admiration and profit, and the best places to bring this off are in luxury liners and hotels, at holiday resorts, and in "Society" off the beaten track. There's a fake "Maurice Chevalier" still running round, who has been on the job since 1932. He moves in with empty luggage, and moves out owing staggering bills. His forte is that he can sing and look the part. His risk is one of timing: he must take every care not to turn up in one place when his famous model is being extensively billed somewhere else.

A great temptation is to be told you're like a celebrity. This grows on the person with a spot of the *poseur* in him. Not long ago a charming gentleman asked if he might join a group, mentioning that he was So-and-So (a leading poet). Why, of course! And for the next hour the character basked in admiration. He even recited some of "his" verses. True, he wasn't allowed to pay for drinks, but that couldn't have been what he was after.

"Several days later I met the real poet," relates one of the victimized. "The phony was more fascinating."

In Edwardian days the late Horace Cole used to put on some famous acts—such as the "Sultan of Zanzibar" visiting a battleship. He'd have delighted in events at a certain British Embassy, when a spurious diplomat from a non-existent country nearly negotiated a new trade pact before getting his fill of champagne and deciding to withdraw.

There are a quite a few spurious diplomats floating around just now, but few can have achieved the success of Stephen Weinberg. An obscure clerk by day, Weinberg ran three separate identities by night, and over a matter of years.

In New York he was "Captain St. Cyr of the Grenadier Guards." In Washington he was "Sterling Wyman, attorney, and Under Secretary in the State Department." As the author of *Medico Jurisprudence* he was fêted in intellectual circles and received at the White House. But his pet rôle, in which he travelled widely, was as "Consul General for Romania." He cleaved to the diplomatic world.

Weinberg was in line with the really great impostors. There was another this century, if only for a day: "Hauptmann von Koepenick," the Berlin cobbler who masqueraded as adjutant of the Kaiser's crack *gardes du corps*, and got away with the regiment's weekly pay. I mentioned the four historic types of impostor. Here they are:

Pretender.—Stefan Mali, who pretended to be Tsar Peter III and made a capital job of it. Peter had been assassinated in St. Petersburg in 1767 and in the same year Stefan turned up in the Balkans, having minutely studied the part. He had the Tsar's presence and taught himself the voice and gestures. An adventurer with brains, he won such favour that the Empress Elizabeth had him made local Regent. As such Stefan suffered

a similar fate to the Tsar, in 1774, in Montenegro.

Impersonator.—Mrs. Olivia Serres, who impersonated a natural daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III, and made such a pother that a celebrated lawsuit had to be staged years after she was dead in order to demonstrate that Victoria was well and truly entitled to sit where she did.

Daughter of a Warwick housepainter, Olive was nineteen, married, and bored, in 1792. So she gave rein to a vivid imagination which was to make her a novelist, poet, and press-writer in years to come. She decided to be a royal princess, bar sinister. With near-genius she forged all the relevant documents, and not until 1866 was her daughter, Mrs. Ryves, finally debarred from the Succession.

Swindler.—Arthur Orton, Wapping butcher who claimed to be Sir Roger Tichborne, Catholic aristocrat. Brought up in France and at Stonyhurst, Roger was lost in the wreck of the *Bella*, off South America, in 1854. Eleven years later, a gross, uneducated fellow announced in Wagga-Wagga, Australia, that he was the missing heir. He had read an advertisement. Orton travelled to London where the case lasted 188 days, cost £100,000. The claimant got fourteen years, but the abiding thing was that 100 witnesses, including Sir Roger's mother, identified the coarse and ignorant butcher as the heir!

Humbug.—Jacques Lebaudy, who returned to France in the nineties as "Emperor of the Sahara." He had made a pile out there, but if this was added to by his masquerade, gain was not Lebaudy's motive. He just wanted to be made much of.

There are more Lebaudy than Orton types around to-day. Which reminds me of the only impostor I've ever known as such. I suppose one would call him a humbug, yet there was pointed purpose to his impersonation. He had a grudge against a well-known author, whom he happened to resemble. So "X" would get his own back (he may still be doing so) by impersonating said author at provincial libraries where he signed books—and made himself so offensive that his victim's sales could only have suffered in consequence.

Authors and novelists are the easiest of all celebrities to impersonate, and they suffer accordingly. After all, doubters can't very well ask a man to prove himself by writing a page, as they can ask a boxer for a brief work-out, or a crooner for a croon, or a musician for a sonata. Nor are writers' features familiar to the public, though the reverse doesn't stop the would-be impostor, as was shown when someone spent the whole afternoon signing copies of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* for the bearded Hemingway.

Those copies are curiosities for having two "m's." What did the fellow achieve? Wads of public admiration, maybe a "date" or two, some invitations. If he was a social climber, what swifter way to climb? Provided he watched each step. The phony Hemingway took a double risk, because he chose Philadelphia as well as a familiar face. The cautious character preferably chooses celebrities known by name or title rather than face, and he keeps out of big, knowledgeable centres though their pull is constant for the greater admiration they hand out.

Authors, politicians, war heroes and scientists are cited by psychiatrists as exercising the strongest spell on social impostors who'd love to "be" popular athletes and film stars, but find the going too risky.

The typical impostor is a person who doesn't think he'll amount to much and fixes on somebody he'd like to be. As it takes money to impersonate a "socialite," envy is directed to persons who've made their way by ability. At one time there were so many miniature Margaret Mitchells toting round the Southern States, that this tragic little lady had to cancel all charge accounts. Yet fraud is not as a rule calculated, but a by-product.

An extraordinary (Continued on page 64)



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case of swollen ego seeking an outlet in imposture occurred when a white-garbed woman entered a Continental restaurant during a virulent small-pox epidemic, and announced that all present had to be vaccinated there and then by order. She had almost finished before a real doctor bared his arm—and revealed the hoax. The woman had been injecting water! Why? "I got the thrill of feeling what it was like to be a doctor."

Impostors are inclined to get angry when doubted. So a good idea is to sidle up and let drop: "He's not quite what he seems." If the dubious one laughs, then the chances are that he's all right. If he does the other thing, it behoves to look at him still more closely. Or her, as the case may be. But women are not so given to imposture as males, one

reason being that males circulate farther afield, where impostors can function more safely.

Other things to look for: Impostors are apt to be over-tactful, fearful lest they should precipitate an awkward moment for themselves; are inclined to put their goods in the shop window; give the impression of having said it all before in the same words; converse unduly with strangers concerning "themselves," having swotted it up; and are usually moving off.

Some impostors are impelled by a desire to get outside their prosaic business selves. I've heard of glorified travelling salesmen, globe-trotting directors and the like, who divest themselves of their humdrum identities while in the far corners, and pander to their

Peak Time For Impostors

vanity by pretending they are persons in the public eye at home. Whether he is aware of the fact or not, Mr. Somerset Maugham has suffered from this.

Well, there it is: the Age of Impostors. Little and big, harmless and wicked. I have only skimmed the surface. In fact, I was almost forgetting the most remarkable impostor of our time. A legitimate one, too! There are such rare things. You will recall the fake "Monty" who put the Germans on a wrong scent at Gibraltar in the first days of June, 1944, while the real "Monty" was in Hampshire, facing Normandy and D-Day.

END

Trey Of Hearts (Continued from page 31)

knew that a skeleton finger plucked at his sleeve, and, even so, he would have shirked the raw liver. Millicent would have let him do it, but Amy insisted.

"I mashed it all up, sir, to look like the others, so as how no one 'd notice. But yours won't be pheasant, sir."

"Your dinner'll catch," Millicent warned Amy, and hurriedly Amy fluttered away. James saw her go.

His wife glanced through the curtains into the street, for the guests ought to be here. Dixon, the film magnate, Hawkins the producer, with that common little wife of his. Meredith Stein, and his teen-age sister whom Millicent has asked merely to even-up the party. She was attracted to Meredith, ten years her junior, and she had lied to him about her own age ("I'm as old as my eyes; not a day older," she had said. "Then you're twenty-six?" His age! "You've got it in one.") Now she turned back to James. "Sometimes I'm almost jealous of you and Amy."

"Perhaps I owe Amy my life. She never forgets my medicines."

There was the sound of the guests arriving, and Millicent went out to receive them. Meredith was coming in at the door, beautiful enough to play young lover lead, with deep eyes, and a firmly provocative mouth.

"Hallo, Millie. I've brought my little sister. This is Babe. She's dying to meet your husband. This is the great man, Babe."

About Babe's pert little face was that youthful freshness. Her skin asked no attention, her eyes were brilliant without adrenalin, and she had an uncreased waist line. Recently Millicent had shown a tendency to bulge. Not much, but enough to warrant taking pills. Sometimes the pills made her feel awful but that couldn't be helped.

"I'm no stranger," Babe was saying to James, "I've seen you before and you're wonderful. You know the tobacco kiosk at the corner of Chesterton Street? You know Betty; she was a school friend of mine, scholarship girl, and you've been great to her."

"Betty's put up a gallant fight," said James in a non-committal voice. "I admire anybody who does that."

"Who's Betty?" asked Millicent.

"She came to my school," from Babe, "her father was an actor, with T.B., and her mother ran off with a conjurer when Betty was a tiny thing. Mr. Deane's been so good to them."

"It was nothing." Now James was shuffling out of it.

Mr. Dixon was arriving. Millicent had thought he would look this way, comfortably proportioned, with two chins and shrewd eyes. The Hawkinses came with him, he ordinary, she rather blowsy in pink. A common-looking woman should never wear pink!

They had cocktails in the lounge, and all the time Millicent felt Meredith challenging her with those lustrous eyes of his. Later on perhaps they'd get a word together but they'd have to be careful.

"Dinner's ready, mam," from Amy at the door.

They went into the dining-room in a

bunch. You would not have thought that the table could look so pretty; it was perfect!

"Nice to see things well done," said Dixon appraising the candelabra and the waxy camellias in their bowl. He was on James's right, Meredith next to Millicent, his sister midway up the table, between the Hawkinses and still talking in that sharply penetrating voice of hers about her wretched little friend.

"He buys all his cigarettes from her."

"James," said Millicent, "you're not supposed to smoke too much." She said it reprovingly, not jealously!

Now Meredith was speaking. "Don't worry over him. I suppose it's the penalty of marrying someone much older. You were always too young."

Those were beautiful words. Stimulating, uplifting, most exquisite words. "I oughtn't to say it, but sometimes he maddens me."

"It's because you never loved him."

She had loved him once—in her own way. It was when they had been poor, and had crept to that bitterly cold attic that they couldn't afford to warm; they had lain there side by side, hand in hand, under the thin blankets, whispering together. It had been sweet.

Down the table came the voice of the irrepressible Babe. "She was wonderful at net-ball. My house captain, too!"

James was laughing, whilst Amy, massively unlovely, hovered behind him.

"You've got a wonderful cook," Dixon was saying.

"Let me introduce you to Amy Baker," from James.

"We ought to drink a toast to Amy Baker," replied Dixon, lifting his glass.

"Oh, sir," said Amy, her cap awry, and her apron crumpled in fat, embarrassed hands.

"To Amy Baker," and from the Hawkinses: "Let's toast her standing!"

Millicent had to stand for the look of the thing, and then Amy went simpering off to fetch the pheasant. The toast had disturbed Millicent. It was cheap.

"James is always doing things like that."

"It can't be for ever," Meredith reminded her, and his eyes made overtures to her. Still the Babe talked wildly.

"Eighteen, but quite, quite remarkable, and very like Mrs. Deane to look at. Very like her."

Millicent remembered how much James had wanted a daughter like herself. She hadn't wanted children, now it was too late, besides James was so ill, he'd die before long, and then, what would she do? Marry, before age played tricks with her? Her hand went to her throat, for the moment serenely smooth, with no tendency to bag. But for how long?

The pheasant was superb, and James had his liver, for Amy would see to that. Millicent glanced down the beautifully appointed table. Supposing James did die, supposing he changed his will? She reassured herself. He had always said that he would leave his money in proportion, as it had been deserved, and hadn't she deserved it? God, hadn't she deserved it?

In the kitchen Amy stacked the plates in the sink where Mrs. Bloggs was helping out with the washing-up.

"How's it going?" asked Mrs. Bloggs, her hair scraped under an unbecoming turban. Her blue marble eyes lifeless over the steam. "Is her fancy man there?"

"Sitting alongside of her. Young enough to be her son, I'll say." Amy turned to the meringues. Should she put glacé cherries on the top? Once Mrs. Deane had said they were vulgar.

"Anyway, the dinner's okay." Mrs. Bloggs put a finger on the edge of a plate, sluiced round with it, then sucked noisily.

"Course the dinner's okay, and he'd had his tablets, and the liver." As she picked up the meringues, Amy glanced at the list of medicines that she had skewered to the side of the dresser with a bonnet pin. "And if he gets overtired, he ought to have that sedative thing, but Mrs. Deane'll never think of that."

"I wouldn't worry meself," said Mrs. Bloggs, her pale, dropped face gleaming with moisture, "let 'em get on with it."

"He's good and just." Amy bore off the meringues into the dining-room rather sadly.

Now she could see Meredith leaning towards Millicent at the far end of the table, and she knew they were lovers. She didn't want James to know. The Babe had had sufficient champagne; her chatter was a sharp crescendo. A lot of silliness giving drink to the kid, thought Amy.

"One of these days I'll bring Betty along. She always wanted to see this house . . . only . . ." Babe giggled at Millicent, "she's afraid of you! Isn't it funny?"

Millicent spoke calmly, her calmness was a challenge. "Why not take a taxi and bring her in for coffee?"

"Oh, I'd love that. So would she."

AMY looked apprehensively at her master; as she could see the moisture on his brow as she set the plates before him. He was tired already, and worried about this. He knew Millicent was getting at him, and couldn't escape. Amy was setting down the meringues in their silver dish like incense before a shrine, and as she did so she thought of James as he had been when she was making them, this afternoon. He had come into the kitchen. "You're a good girl, Amy, and I shan't forget you when I die!" She had fired up. "Don't talk so silly! You aren't going to die." For a moment he had said nothing, then: "You shall have your proportion, Amy, you'll see," and had wandered off again. She went back to the washing-up.

"Now what's 'appening?" asked Mrs. Bloggs, sluicing the plates under the tap.

"That young lady's fetching another young lady—somebody she seems very keen on—in for coffee. Mrs. Deane suggested it."

"Well, I never."

"It's somebody the master knows."

"What—you don't mean?" Mrs. Bloggs wheeled round, her bulbous underlip dropping, her eyes shrewdly licentious.

"No, I don't. You get on with your work!" said Amy. She set the coffee tray in order, whipped up the cream and took it along. The ladies were in the lounge, all except Miss Babe, she'd gone already for her friend. (Continued on page 66)

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"Take the coffee to the gentlemen in the dining-room," directed Mrs. Deane.

In the dining-room the fine table had become messed with crumpled napkins, little humps of cigar ash and camellias that were curling at the edges. James looked uneasy, and Amy had put one of the sedative tablets in the saucer for him. Seeing it, he looked up and smiled gratefully. For a moment his finger touched the fat one, on which the thin gold ring stuck fast. She was thankful for the touch, because she knew now that she loved him.

THE doorbell rang a few moments later, and Amy opened the door. It was foggy outside, and there were blue wreaths of mist round the street lamps. The other young lady was there; she wore a shabby woollen frock, with a thin, cheap coat pulled hastily over it. She had no hat, but her hair was yellow-brown like the mistress, and her eyes were a couple of larkspurs in the thin triangle of a wasted little face.

"Good evening, miss," said Amy Baker, sorry for the child, "shall I take your coat, miss?"

"I—I oughtn't to have come," she said helplessly to Babe.

"Rot! They asked you. I'm pretty clever to have fished for the invitation, and you ought to be proud of me." The champagne had certainly gone to Miss Babe's head!

"But I'm not dressed properly for it?"

Betty saw that Amy Baker had kind eyes. She wished she hadn't come, but Babe had rushed in and had said that James wanted her, and she had been hustled into the taxi before she found that it was a party. He wouldn't be the same here; he was her dearest customer, the kind, fatherly man who talked to her, and her father. Amy opened a door, and now she saw the room with the glistening chandelier and the furniture upholstered in white satin. She saw Millicent—she knew immediately that it was Millicent by her exquisite beauty—she saw James.

"It was charming of you to come," said Millicent, but it deceived nobody.

"It was nice of you to ask me."

"This is Mr. Hawkins and his wife; he produces pictures. This is Mr. Dixon; you know his films. And you must know Meredith Stein, of course, he acts. I believe you do know my husband?"

Betty sat down by James. "Did I do wrong in coming?"

"No, Betty, you could never do wrong."

Mr. Dixon was the other side, Mr. Hawkins, too; he was struck by the *gamine* look of the young girl. She certainly wasn't James Deane's mistress as they half expected; also she looked scared.

"Your father was an actor?" Dixon asked her.

"Yes. You don't know how good Mr. Deane's been to him. Nobody has ever been so kind to us before."

"You hadn't thought of going on the stage?" Hawkins asked her, "or the screen? You're photogenic, you know."

"I'd hate anything like that." She was

throwing the chance away, she did not want success.

"Maybe you have hidden talent?" Millicent said. "Both your parents acted, didn't they?"

"Oh, yes."

"Your mother, too?" She pressed the point home. She's crude, thought James, she did that badly—she's jealous.

"She helped with an act," said Betty in a distressed voice; "a conjuring act." Then she turned to James. "You're looking very tired."

"Am I? I'm not feeling too bad. I wanted this party to be a big success."

"And it is?"

"It was," he said dryly. Children might have saved his marriage but he had been cheated out of fulfilment, and this girl was, in a sense, a daughter to him.

"You've known one another a long time?" Mr. Dixon asked.

"James was my first customer; we got talking. He saw after Daddy, he helped us, and then we went about a bit."

"Yes," said James. "Together we discovered the Zoo, and the Tower of London, and Peter Pan."

Second youth, thought Meredith, who had a sharp discernment, he's tight and getting sentimental with it. The party had slipped! He'd have to talk to Millicent another day. "We must be going, Babe," he suggested.

Babe's head was aching, and she felt rather ill, otherwise she wouldn't have gone. But she went, the Hawkinses, too. Now there were just the four of them, Dixon and Betty, Millicent and James, a strange inharmonious quartette, with Amy fluttering in the background. The girl was sitting quietly at James's feet, her hand on his knee. It was a young hand; there was all the difference in the world between it and Millicent's. On one finger was a little ring made of the hair from an elephant's tail, to bring good fortune. She'll need it, thought Millicent, because after this James will break off the friendship. I won't stand for a daughter complex.

James was being foolish. "On Sunday we could go to Hampton Court, perhaps? Now you've met Millicent, she'll want to know more of you, and we could go somewhere together."

"I've got a prior engagement for Sunday," said Millicent icily.

Betty sensed the chill in the air. "I must go home," she said, and gripping his hand: "You're tired, James, you ought to go to bed."

"I'll be all right. Amy'll see after me."

"She's a darling, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is," and he pressed Betty's hand.

The girl cared for him; on the tobacco kiosk she knitted his socks, she thought for him, worked for him; her own father had never really forgiven her mother for going off that way, and Betty was her mother's child. But James seemed to be her real father, the relationship that was spiritual was a tremendous bond between them.

"I'll see you out, dear," he said, and took her into the hall, picking up the little cheap

Trey Of Hearts

coat from the chair. The lightness of it worried him. "There's no warmth in this."

"It's my best and it has got to do."

"I'll have a decent coat sent to you tomorrow."

"No, please, you mustn't! Your wife would hate it. She—she doesn't understand this, you know."

"I know," he said, grimly.

"I oughtn't to have come here."

He turned emotional. "I'm glad you came; do you know you are the only person who has made this last year possible for me to live? I've played a game with myself, pretending that you were the little daughter that I've never had. The words sound silly, but it hasn't been silly, really."

"To me you've been my father." She couldn't say more. He knew that her eyes were wet as he stroked her shoulder.

"One day we'll dry all those tears, and you shall have all that you want."

Amy was shuffling towards them out of the shadowy passage that led to the kitchen. "He mustn't get overtired," said the guardian angel with the sugar-loaf figure.

"Amy's a darling," said Betty impulsively.

James turned to the protuberant old figure. "Betty needs a new coat," he said.

"Yes, sir, I thought that myself. There's no warmth in the one she's got."

"None at all, Amy. I must get her a new one."

"Why, yes, sir, of course, sir," for the guardian angel had a great sense of perception.

"You're wonderful, both of you," said Betty from the step. It seemed absurd to be saying good-bye to James and Amy, and not James and Millicent.

THE guests had all gone. On the landing Millicent let fly her last barb.

"You may think that people believe it is because we had no children, but I know better. You never really wanted children."

"Didn't I?" he asked.

"You must stop knowing that silly little girl."

Humbly, he said: "I should sleep on it before you say too much, my dear," and quietly he went to bed.

He never woke again.

Next morning, her eyes red with crying, Amy Baker went out with her own money and ordered a good, warm coat to be sent to little Betty. She didn't want the child to be disappointed. Later the will was read. There was three hundred a year to his wife, fifteen hundred a year to his cook, and two thousand a year to the girl who had been a daughter to him.

"I shall never understand it," gasped the outraged Millicent.

It was curious that two ridiculous words kept recurring to her, two idiotic words that James had been fond of. He was a just man. He liked everything in proportion. He had always said that. In proportion.

END

Talking Of Elections (Continued from page 32)

In near-by Portugal I have assisted at only one general election, but since 1926 Portugal has been a dictatorship, so general elections there are farcical. The Government takes care that only one party, the Government Party, puts candidates forward. The elections in Portugal are also held on Sundays and the results are announced on the Sunday night over the air from Lisbon. The results are sometimes curious; it would appear that in small hamlets with a population of a few hundred, all the men and women voted—in favour of the Government candidate, naturally. After a general election in Portugal four years ago the Government expelled the British-born correspondent of a London news agency because in a dispatch to his London office he said that after announcing certain results, the Portuguese radio put on a gramophone record of the tune "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

There is always some make-believe opposi-

tion in Portuguese general elections; there are Liberal and Socialist meetings, with a police shorthand writer sitting cheek by jowl on the platform with the speakers and industriously taking down every word. Somehow, though, before the poll the Opposition candidates stand down. This did not prevent Dictator Salazar's spokesman stating comically before the election: "The Portuguese general election is as free as the British general election."

Across the other side of the European map, in Rumania, they used to hold serio-comic general elections even before the Iron Curtain fell.

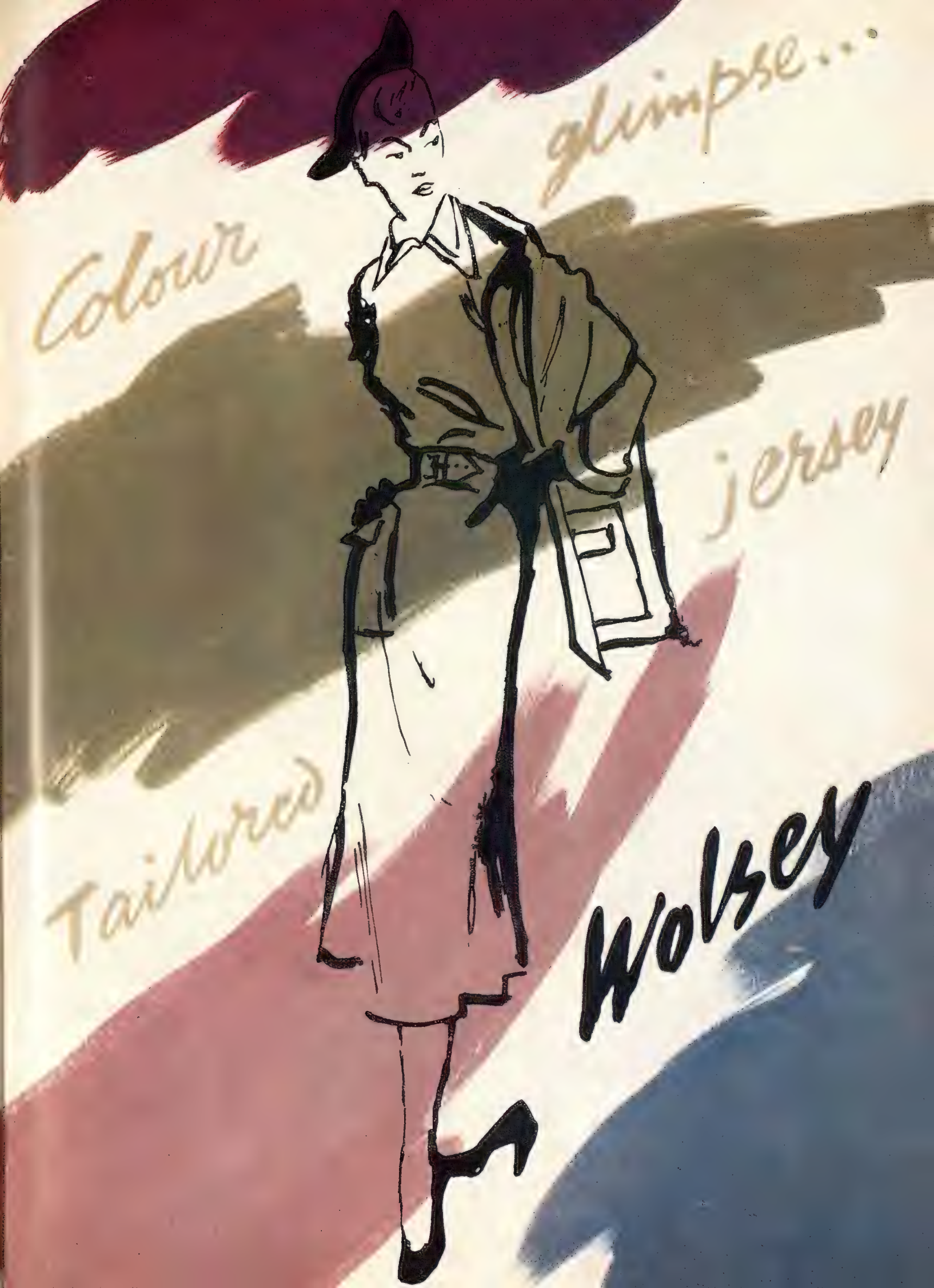
In those Balkan countries, when one party obtained power it was by golly going to hold on to power come what may. Of course, there was opposition; peasants in certain districts became unruly and Government spies knew full well that in those districts the Government candidates would surely be

defeated unless the Government took steps, so the Government did. The steps were always the same.

It would be announced during the Rumanian general election that there had been an unfortunate outbreak of small-pox (or diphtheria) in such and such a district and a *cordon sanitaire* had to be thrown around it. To the Government's great regret, this necessary measure prevented the inhabitants of this district voting in the election.

A small variation of this manoeuvre was to explain in a Government *communiqué* that there had been a mysterious fire in the polling station which most unfortunately destroyed all the ballot papers.

In near-by Turkey, when the late Mustapha Kemal first introduced electioneering into his country where he ruled as a dictator, there was some uneasiness among his followers, for it was known that Turkish reactionaries, who knew naught of (Continued on page 69),



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electioneering, were opposed to Kemal, and, although they were also opposed to electioneering, it was felt that they might well cast their votes against Kemal, and that would be a pretty kettle of fish.

The polling stations were in the mosques, and this was rather rubbing it in because Kemal had very considerably curtailed the powers of the priests.

In the mosque polling stations were two urns, one for the votes to be cast in favour of Kemal, the other for all the votes of all the Opposition parties. The emissaries of Kemal Pasha watched the voting.

If a voter dropped his ballot in the Kemal urn, the emissary salaamed, but if he dropped it in the Opposition urn, the emissary said the Turkish equivalent of: "Hey there, just a minute; what is your name and address?" It is recorded that many, many voters made a last-minute switch in their political opinions and Mustapha Kemal obtained a very, very handsome majority over all the other parties.

Twice in a lifetime the Germans have had a general election after a crushing defeat. Fortunately for the Germans themselves they have a very small sense of humour, otherwise they would undoubtedly laugh themselves to death.

When Kaiserism went down in defeat and a republic followed, the German towns, cities and hamlets were covered in black-and-red and yellow-and-black posters. WAHL! (Vote) they screamed at you. In 1919, for the first time in German history, women voted and women were elected to the Reichstag.

From 1919 to 1933 the Republic lasted, but from the first it was doomed; like the Spanish Republic, the German Republic was a failure, and in Germany, as in Spain, the country was moving from Socialism back to Monarchy when a Fascist *coup d'état* seized power. Now, instead of a Weimar Republic, you have a Bonn Republic. There is a link between the two which few appear to have noticed: the first Premier of the Weimar Republic was a Socialist, Fritz Ebert; his son is a leading German Communist in the Russian Zone of Germany. Scratch a Socialist and ever so often you will find a Communist.

In Belgium nowadays they take their general elections very seriously. In fact, voting, for males and females, is compulsory; if you do not vote, you get a very heavy fine, and if there is any malice about it, then you may go to prison.

In France electioneering under the Fourth Republic is just as picturesque as it was under the Third Republic; in fact, as the French themselves would say: "The more it changes, the more it remains the same thing." To a foreigner a stroll along the streets of any French town during an electioneering period must be a curious experience if he knows the language but not the people.

"LIAR! ASSASSIN!"

"That is what some people say about my opponent Durand . . ." leaps at him from an immense poster.

M. Durand comes back in a day with his little effort which goes something like this:

"DUPONT IS A HIRED THUG."

"So they say in these parts. . . ."

Talking Of Elections

Oh, yes, there is a law of libel and slander in France, but it is rare to read of political action at law; the opponents used to prefer to fight it out with pistols or rapiers, an old French custom that seems to be returning to favour.

In Egypt they take their politics seriously and at one general election there I saw rioting and blood-letting, but it seemed all the more strange to me when I came across figures showing that a large majority of voters could neither read nor write.

"Vote early and often" is a statement I believe is attributed to Mark Twain ("writ sarcastic" of course); but in some parts of Twain's country, the U.S.A., politics are as dishonest as in the French city of Marseilles where it is a poor election if several hundred dead men do not cast their votes.

In the United States there is no general election; there are elections for the Senate and the House of Representatives, and for the Presidency election which tops everything. The Senate and House of Representatives elections cause local excitement, but the Presidential election causes nation-wide excitement, excitement on a scale far bigger than a British general election.

We may take our elections sadly, in comparison, but when a candidate takes a beating he knows he has gone down to defeat in a fair fight and without the aid of graft, jiggery-pokery or what they call in the States skulduggery.

END

The Call Of The North (Continued from page 19)

when travelling by dog-team bare a man's soul to his neighbour, permit him to search his own heart, to assess his capabilities, and if he has it in him to emerge with a greater respect for himself. This is a great thing to accomplish, and to accomplish it is part and parcel of the call of the polar regions.

In the same category is the desire for adventure. When in 1949 I wrote an article saying that the Hudson's Bay Company required trappers I was inundated with letters from men of all classes and ages inquiring for further particulars. The article painted the trapper as a bearded giant blinking into fantastic blizzards. Those who inquired saw in the blizzards, in the hardship and the dangers an opportunity to escape from mundane things. Perhaps my reader will call this "the romance of the North." Possibly it is. But who among us can say that he or she has not at one or another time, possibly in the still of night, dwelt romantically upon the hardships faced by the man who lives in the Far North and seen himself in the position of the trapper or explorer; and who among us cannot understand the thrill the explorer experiences in the discovery of new territories? Exploration offers a spiritual uplift many times more valuable than the effort put into its attainment, for tired limbs, fear, the bitterness of polar cold—those things are soon forgotten whereas the stimulant of discovery lives past the span of the explorer's life and into the future.

Likewise there is a reward in following the steps of the early pioneers and explorers. This applies to the trails blazed through jungle and across desert, but it is more marked in the passage of snow wastes and moving sea-ice, because here the danger is more pronounced. Here one is alone—beyond aid—and the richer for knowing that in the whole vast barrens of Canada there are only 16,000 people, that the inhabitants of northern Greenland, an area exceeding that of France, do not exceed five hundred.

I SHOULD stress that danger and discomfort are not a prerequisite to travel in the polar regions.

To reach the Arctic requires little initiative and entails little discomfort. The most distant of Hudson's Bay Company's trapping outposts are within easy reach of Montreal by air in summer. One can travel to Kiruna in Arctic Sweden by electric express complete with

sleepers and restaurant car. Lorries and motorbuses roar through the forests of Alaska to the Bering Straits. The polar regions are spanned with road and rail and air services, and studded with towns complete with cinemas, beauty parlours and public bars. But step a dozen paces from the security of electric lighting and central heating and one is in the silent, beautiful Arctic where almost anything can happen.

Perhaps the most marked impact that the north makes upon the traveller is its contrasts.

The colours of the polar coast are those of a fairy's wings on a gigantic scale, and in some lights those of the rainbow—clearly defined, so that the greens are divorced from the blues and the latter from whatever colour their neighbours might be. There is an ethereal beauty so intense that, like a high-pitched note, it hurts the senses.

The beauty of the polar night is as intense as that of the brilliant polar day. For the *aurora* flashes back and forth in curtains of Technicolor, the dog-like barking of a fox can be heard from a distance of a mile in the stillness, and the moon gives to glacier and sea-ice the sheen of burnished steel.

Yet the long polar night can be terrible, and during its eternity the main topic of conversation is the return of the sun, a longing well illustrated by the story of the arctic bird. With the end of the winter, settlers in the New Siberians, off the north coast of Siberia, gaze across the gleaming face of the sea in the direction from which will fly the harbinger of spring. A white bird, it arrives suddenly, flying due north, very high so that the pink sun, straining to peer over the rim of the south, can shine on its white breast. The twilight of late winter still lies upon the north. But there in the heavens the brightness of spring shines on the tender breast of a bird, and a few days later the sun sends a flood of red across the ice so that the bergs resemble mountains of copper set in a silent, frozen sea. Whence comes the arctic bird, and with what species should it be classed? Who can say? But for all that the arctic bird is very real in the minds of the men who survive winter darkness and cold so intense that to draw in a sharp breath can shock the heart to silence.

Inevitably the loneliness has a marked effect on those who spend a lifetime among the northern ice fields. The story is told of two

Norwegian trappers who, after many years of living on their own, decided to share a cabin on the condition that neither spoke. After eight months of silence one of the men commented on the bareness of the larder, and immediately his silent companion packed his gear on to a sledge, hitched-up his huskies, and returned to his own cabin forty miles down the coast; he would not live with such a garrulous chap!

The arrival of a woman in the North travels along the traplines with the speed of wind. A woman! In the Arctic men will trace-up and drive fifty miles for a few words with a newly-arrived nurse or school mistress.

UNDOUBTEDLY the reader will inquire why a man should leave social security and the forty-hour week for discomfort, hard work and, sometimes, danger.

The answer is readily apparent. In return for hard work the North offers, given reasonable luck, wealth no less than that earned during the Klondyke Days. Among the men who "strike North" to-day are many in whose minds lurk thoughts of wealth in gold, silver, antimony, and uranium. They can travel across the tundras by aircraft, at their elbow all the aids of modern science; but in their blood is the spirit of the early pioneers who left a trail of dead right across Canada to the Pacific coast, and then northwards into Alaska, the Yukon and the North-East Territories. And the North offers less competition in the professions. For example, in Yellowknife, the Canadian gold mining settlement, there is only one lawyer. Where in civilized parts would one find only one solicitor in a town of 3,000 people?

Whereas a century ago the cry was "Go West, young Man! Go West!" to-day it is "Go North, young man, go North." And there is no lack of reply, for the spirit of adventure is as rich as ever it was. Many of the men and women sent into the Arctic during the war have returned to make its development their life's work. They found not a terrible wilderness but a land of opportunity, and falling under the spell of the North, they returned to savour the feeling of vitality apparent in its industrial centres. The greenhorn soon finds himself swept away by the enthusiasm to build, drill, dig—to work, for this in which he lives is a New World with an immense appeal.

END

Pig Beneath The Roof (Continued from page 16)

"Yes." Home felt suddenly tense, like a witness under cross-examination.

"I thought Singapore was an island."

The tension slackened. Just like a legal man to raise an unimportant question. Home explained: "You can reach the mainland by car, going over the Causeway."

O'Farrell smiled. "Forgive me. I don't know Singapore, you see."

"I returned home soon after sunset. Fei, my boy, prepared me a meal. I was impatient to deliver the picture and to let John Manson know that I was back; but no sooner had I sat down than I felt desperately tired. Also, there was a stack of mail set aside for me. So I decided to send the picture over by Fei. I rang up Manson; but didn't say anything to him about the gift. I merely told him that I was back, that I'd see him in the morning, and that I was sending Fei over with a note."

The inner voice interrupted: "But you don't tell them that the call was to check up. You felt sure that Manson would be at home; but you weren't leaving anything to chance."

At this moment Wang came in with coffee, and Home waited until he'd gone out before continuing: "When I was through with my meal I gave Fei his instructions, and handed the painting to him, impressing on him that he was to take great care of it. Then I turned my attention to my letters."

How well he remembered those moments, tearing open the envelopes and piling their contents so that they suggested he'd been fully occupied! He'd allotted himself two minutes for this task. Within the time, he was on his way outside, sprinting to the car, climbing into the luggage boot. Knowing Fei's leisurely performance of duties he'd reckoned a five-minute margin. It was longer. It must have been longer, for it seemed a full hour before the car came to life and moved off.

"Go on," said Sheila. "What happened next?"

That shocked him. He hadn't realized that his voice had stopped speaking. To conceal his confusion he sipped at his coffee.

"The next bit I only know at second-hand," he said. "John Manson lived on the fringe of a residential district called Tanglin. He occupied a bungalow which seemed too large for a man who lived alone. But once you stepped inside you found that it was fully occupied. There were books, paintings, jades, and vases everywhere. His few intimates used to refer to his place as 'The B.M.'—the British Museum."

"One other thing I should mention. The bungalow had a screen of greenery about it. There were a few palms; but mostly the trees and bushes were importations such as Flame of the Forest, and jacarandas. From the road it was impossible to see the bungalow. You can confirm that, Captain Weston."

Weston removed a stubby pipe from his mouth. "Yes, it was like a house in a jungle. And inside, it was just as you say. Whenever I called on him I had the devil of a job finding somewhere to put my cap. And I could only sit down by taking a pile of books off a chair and dumping them on the floor."

Home continued: "So Fei drove out to Tanglin and delivered the picture. I'd scribbled a brief note with it, and Fei passed these to John Manson. When he was questioned by the police, a few hours later, Fei testified that John Manson was alone in the room, with books spread out before him on a table. One window, looking out on the veranda, was open and a slight breeze was billowing a white mosquito net pulled across it. Wang, John Manson's servant, testified that this window was invariably open in this way."

"Having executed his mission, Fei didn't return immediately. He was related to Wang by marriage, and it was normal for him to step across to Wang's room and discuss family matters for a short time." He smiled. "I scarcely use a strong enough word when I say 'normal'; it was a rigid custom. The exchange of family news is no light matter among Chinese."

The inner voice spoke again. "And this,

too, you do not tell them. You waited about five minutes, then pushed open the boot and climbed to the veranda. You parted the mosquito net and saw John Manson's back. He was intent upon the picture. He was slightly deaf, and your footsteps were smothered in the thick pile of the carpet. You raised the keen dagger. . . ." Home instinctively closed his eyes.

"And then what happened?" asked Stephen Barclay.

"Give me a second or two," Home pleaded. He sipped at his coffee, found difficulty in swallowing. It puzzled him, the way that strength and weakness alternated, like the vibrating of a never-ending wave. Looking at the five people who were listening to him he was uncomfortably aware of moments when their faces blurred, when—indeed—the entire room threatened to dissolve like a picture thrown on a screen and losing focus.

It required a strain of mental effort to bring it back to clarity. Perhaps it was fear which suggested the fantastic idea that he might, through the medium of this dissolution, find himself back in John Manson's bungalow, staring down at the body which had slumped forward in the chair.

He remembered the struggle of that moment vividly, breaking a kind of hypnotic trance to hurry across to the dark green safe which was so out of keeping with the rest of the room. The keys were in the lock. That was a kindly gift of fortune, for already he found himself shrinking from the body. There was only one thing he wanted from it—a fair-sized package wrapped in coarse brown paper.

As he grasped it eagerly he seemed to be able to hear John Manson's words again. "As soon as you're back from Malacca, Home, we'll have to start investigating this. We won't call in the authorities yet. I'd like to know more before taking such direct action. That our business organization has been used for drug smuggling is an exceedingly grave matter—there's no knowing what members of the staff may be involved. It was a lucky chance that I was at the warehouse late and surprised the rogue who was delivering this. Pity he escaped me, though."

What members of the staff may be involved? Home could have told him that there was only one. His first idea had been to manufacture a false trail; but second thoughts had shown the uselessness of it. He didn't make the mistake of under-rating John Manson's stubborn streak. In spite of being something of a recluse and much of a student, John Manson had a head for business and a keen, alert brain.

The inner voice said: "You didn't make any mistakes, did you? You even remembered that he wouldn't spend the entire evening looking at the picture. So you whisked it away from him and set it down on a small table."

"Do you feel fit for continuing?" asked Judge O'Farrell. "We know this must be a strain for you. It's a strain for us, in another way."

Home came near to saying: "I slunk back to the car and hid myself. I knew that when Fei returned he'd go in to see his wife first. That gave me my opportunity to return to my room." He choked the words back in time. "There isn't much more to tell," he said. "Fei returned as I was finishing reading my letters. There had been one or two long ones from old friends. I heard the car. I knew that Fei wouldn't come up to me until he'd seen his wife. Fei had a careful timetable for everything that he did. I rather expected that he'd bring a note from John Manson; but there wasn't one. I was eager to know what he thought of the picture, so I decided to ring him. It was a long time before there was a reply."

"In the end it was Wang's high-pitched voice which answered. That, in itself, was unusual; because the telephone was just outside John Manson's study. I asked him if his master had gone out. He thought not, and said: 'Please wait.' I did so. Unaccountably I felt uneasy; but when I thought that I heard

a shrill cry I put it down to imagination. The next minute I knew better—Wang was back chattering a wild story to me! I don't know how I managed to keep my head; perhaps it was the sense of emergency which kept me calm. I telephoned Inspector Fox of the police, and a doctor named Anderson. I knew them both, which made it easier. Then I drove out to Tanglin, taking Fei with me. I wouldn't let him drive. I felt I had to be doing something myself. Fox hadn't lost any time. A police car was already there, and just as I was entering the bungalow Anderson arrived." He paused. "We found John Manson in his chair, with a sharp, thinly bladed dagger sunk between his shoulders. The end had been swift—that was the only consoling thought." Again he paused. "I think you know the rest. It was an unsolved case. Fox thought that the most likely explanation was that it was some terrorist—after all, John Manson represented big business and foreign control."

"What about Wang?" asked Judge O'Farrell. "Wasn't he alone in the house with his master—from the time that your man left, I mean?"

"He wasn't alone. While Fei was there Wang's eldest daughter called. She was still there when I telephoned. Apart from that, there was no motive."

"No material clues?" the judge pressed.

"Only the dagger—quite a common type. No fingerprints—probably because of the rough surface of the handle."

"Any possible motives come to light?"

"No. The safe was open—that wasn't unusual in the evening. There was some money in it. Untouched."

Judge O'Farrell nodded his head. "Can't quarrel with the official verdict," he murmured. "Every country has its unsolved murders."

Theophilus Craik spoke. "What happened to the painting?"

Home felt on easier ground. "I have it. Don't know why. Perhaps a slightly macabre fascination."

"Might I see it?" Craik glanced at the others. "Forgive me," he said quickly. "There's nothing we can do about the murder. Interested in Chinese art." After a pause, he added: "Don't know much about it. Only been dealing in it for thirty years."

"I'll let you see it," Home promised. He felt friendly towards Craik. That last comment had eased things. Like a cool breeze from a suddenly opened window in a room which is stiflingly hot.

EVEN so, he came near to forgetting it. The evening had gone so well. He was no longer frightened of the five people. He need never see them again. This was the last act. And how clever to have come back to England. Even more clever to have brought Wang. With so much of the evidence removed there was little likelihood of Fox continuing the investigation. It was the inspector's reputation for persistence which had decided him. Of course, it meant cutting short the drug business; but he'd done well out of it.

Then, as the guests were on the point of departure, he remembered the picture. He took it from a drawer and handed it to Craik. "Here it is," he said lightly. "Maybe it means more to you than it does to me."

Craik fumbled for his glasses. Judge O'Farrell joined him and they looked at it together.

"I suppose it's good," said the judge slowly, "but it seems to me you have to understand its art language first. Take the absence of shadows, for example. I can see there's a delicacy of treatment. . . ."

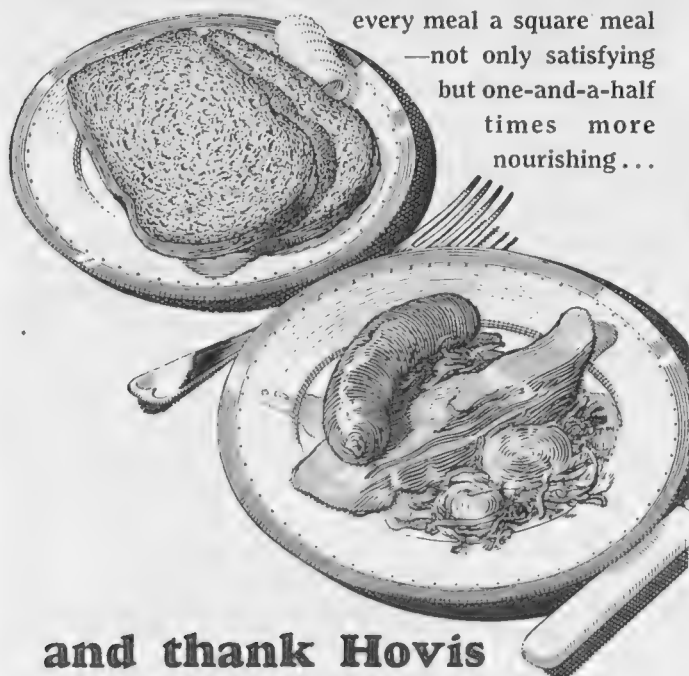
"The calligraphy," Craik muttered. "Wish I understood it. Every bit as beautiful as the rest—exquisite brushwork." He bent his head a little. "Queer. This bit's more recent. I'd swear to that." He looked about him, almost impatiently. Home was over at the door, standing talking to Captain Weston.

"Excuse please," said Wang, who was collecting coffee cups and liqueur glasses.

"You'll do," said *(Continued on page 72)*

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Craik. He reminded Judge O'Farrell of a bird of prey. "What's this mean?" Craik stabbed a finger at one of the two signs in the corner of the picture.

"That is the sign for a roof, sah."

"Indeed! And this below it?"

Wang didn't reply immediately. His eyes were the only living things in his face, the watching judge thought. Wang gave a long look towards the door before saying: "Sign for a pig."

"Sounds a stupid joke to me," Craik grumbled. "No sense in it." And he was still grumbling, going down the path. "Pig beneath a roof!" Suddenly he plucked O'Farrell by the arm, holding him so that they fell behind the others.

"Heard of a pig beneath a roof, judge?"

O'Farrell thought him tiresome. "I suppose a sty has a roof; I'm no farmer." Then, feeling that perhaps he'd been too abrupt, he added: "Back in Ireland I've seen pigs kept in a cottage."

Craik's hold tightened. "And in China. Judge! They combine their basic signs to produce other words. Now do you see it? John Manson didn't die immediately. He lived long enough to scrawl a message to Wang. Only somebody moved that picture and Wang didn't see it. Get the meaning, Judge? A home!"

Blindly, O'Farrell saw the truth, remembered that strange look in Wang's eyes. He swung round, going back to the

Pig Beneath The Roof

house. Craik trotted along behind him.

Then legal caution asserted itself. "No evidence. We can't hand him over to the police. We can only start inquiries."

"Or stop a second killing," said Craik grimly. "Wang knows now."

And at that moment there came a harsh, lost, wailing cry from the house. A blood-chilling sound which plunged into gurgling depths and was lost. The two men stopped. They felt the darkness about them intensify.

"Too late," Craik whispered.

"Not," said Judge O'Farrell quietly, "to act as witnesses for the defence."

END

100 Years Of Public Libraries

libraries were inadequate and the four hundred libraries of the mechanics' institutes were ill-provided through lack of funds—Edwards began agitating in the forties for better facilities.

He found an ally in William Ewart, who persuaded Parliament to appoint in 1849 a Select Committee, with himself as chairman, to inquire into "the best means of extending the establishment of libraries freely open to the public, especially in large towns in Great Britain and Ireland."

As principal witness before Ewart's Committee, Edwards produced a powerful array of facts to show how backward in popular library services was Britain as compared with continental countries. The Committee reported in favour of the scheme, as did another committee in 1850. Meanwhile, the energetic Ewart, aided by Brotherton, had introduced a Bill "for enabling Town Councils to establish Public Libraries and Museums," which became law the same year.

Looking to-day, one hundred years later, at fine municipal libraries like that of Manchester, for instance—which city was the first to open its public library, with Edwards fittingly its first municipal librarian—one can be grateful for the initial efforts of the

pioneers. But the public libraries of Edwards's and Ewart's time were a mere skeleton of what they have since become. For by the 1850 Act, which applied only to towns of over 10,000 people, they were expected to function on a halfpenny rate; and—crowning piece of shortsightedness—they were not allowed to purchase books, it being fondly imagined that the shelves would be suitably filled by gifts. This limitation, however, was removed by an 1855 Act which also raised the rate to one penny and allowed populations of 5,000 to be served.

And so, in various towns up and down England, new civic buildings began to appear, homes of the first rate-supported libraries. Well before 1860 the people of Norwich, Winchester, Salford, Bolton, Westminster and over a dozen other places as well as Manchester, had their libraries; and further legislation brought Scotland and Ireland in. Throughout the nineteenth century the movement extended as more authorities adopted library powers, and additional Acts right up to 1919 increased its scope, notably by abolishing the rate limitation and giving powers to County Councils.

So much for the officially promoted pro-

(Continued from page 20)

gress. An immense amount was also done for the movement by private benefactors like Andrew Carnegie and J. Passmore Edwards. It is estimated that Carnegie made grants towards the building of over 260 municipal libraries. And later the Carnegie Trust provided large sums for establishing county libraries. Much has also been achieved by the Library Association, founded in 1877, among whose functions is the promotion of all types of library service and the improvement of the professional status of librarians. Invaluable too, especially from the serious student's point of view, is the work of the National Central Library (formed in 1930), a fine collection in itself and the centre of a country-wide regional inter-loan system of specialized and public libraries which, briefly, permits any reader in the system to borrow any book in the system.

Spending now about £7,000,000 annually, Britain's public libraries, with their immense collective resources, are giving good value for money. How they could give even better value is a problem always facing librarians and local authorities. And this centenary year they will probably be thinking about it harder than ever.

END

One Faded Star (Continued from page 23)

the picture Lucille was meek and mild and co-operative. Sometimes she seemed about to give in to the little devil inside her, to be about to make some more fantastic demands on Sam Macelhone, but she would hesitate, reason with herself, close her mouth and behave.

She had learned something. We all got to like her, in time.

After all, we said, when you come from the back row of the chorus to the front line of picture-business in five years, when you get a five-figure income from your work although your father was a miner and your mother a charlady, when you ride in a beautiful car and see your name on every hoarding, well, you expect to be treated as something special. How could we blame Lucille for what circumstances had made her? Especially as she had learned her lesson and become one of the best of us. The charities she gave to, the parties she would throw in aid of any good cause. The girl became a sort of celluloid saint.

There wasn't a lame dog in the business

but came to her knowing that she would not refuse help over the stile, not a dead-beat or a down-and-out who did not approach her, knowing that she would never refuse. Especially did she help the Home For Aged Actresses. And all because of that one little thing that happened when we were making *Gay Glory*.

One day I was discussing the transformation of Lucille Del Condo with Sam Macelhone.

"She's a grand kid now," I said, "and we have you to thank for it."

"Me? Why me? She grew up, that's all."

"Well, you helped. You and Marian Milder."

"Who the deuce is Marian Milder?"

"The old silent star. Remember?"

"Never heard of her."

"But Sam, don't you remember on *Gay Glory* how the old flower girl. . . ."

Sam's face grew round and red like a football bladder. Understanding crept into his small, shrewd eyes. Then he started to laugh. It was five minutes before I could quiet him

down enough to ask him what was so funny in Marian Milder's transformation of Lucille Del Condo.

"Marian Milder," he said. He shook his head and sighed.

"Listen, son," he told me, "that old flower woman. She was a woman who'd been pestering me to give her a part for years. I had to do it. One little part and she was satisfied. She didn't even mind sitting on those damn plaster steps all day. That's how film-struck she was. And her sixty if a day! But let me tell you, if I'd cut her out of it . . . if I'd let Lucille steal her one close-up, my life would have been hell from then on. Not even for Lucille, not even for my career, could I have lost that old woman's close-up."

"Do you mean she wasn't Marian Milder?"

"I never heard of anybody called Marian Milder."

"Then who the blazes was she?"

"The old flower woman? She was my wife's mother."

END

Television Will Change Your Life! (Continued from page 17)

some first-class amateur boxing. Wives may even see their husbands in the afternoon—if an international football match is being televised! "Grandmother's funerals" can now be attended in the home.

Polls and experience have shown that installing a television set results in an immediate cutting down of visits to the cinema and even to friends—if they haven't got a television set! Married couples and older people are likely to cut their cinema-going to films they really want to see, as distinct from simply going to the cinema. The younger members of the family don't cut their cinema-going so much—but they don't go to the cinema simply to be entertained by what is on the screen! It supplies other

attractions for which a television set in the home surrounded by the family is no substitute, especially if the lights are not turned out!

This business of lights draws attention to the physical changes television may introduce into your home. It will probably mean rearranging the furniture. The problem is to have the set in a position where it can be comfortably watched by everyone, at the same time enabling them to feel the fire and avoid getting reflections of fire or lights in the screen. It isn't an easy problem. A friend who is a television enthusiast has solved it by buying a small set of cinema seats which are put in position every night! We always view with a light on—you can see quite

satisfactorily, it is less strain on the eyes and it saves tripping over someone's feet or the cat when you want to get up! The screen can be viewed quite satisfactorily in daylight without drawing the curtains if the set is placed with its back to the window.

You will probably find the demand for mealtimes to be adjusted to television arises. You cannot really eat and watch satisfactorily unless you all sit the same side of the table! The matter is becoming complicated by varying mealtimes in the Home Counties and the Midlands. The B.B.C. is aware of the problem and is extending hours of television, but for the new enthusiasts at any rate this will probably (Continued on page 74)

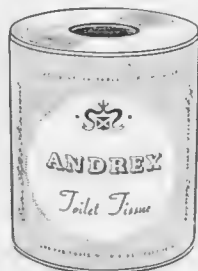


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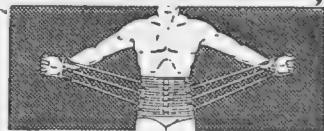
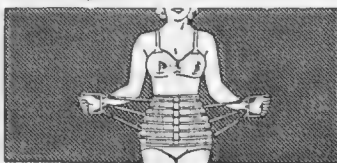
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simply mean more hours spent in front of the television set!

If you are the first person in your road to instal television you will be astonished at the number of new friends you get. They will "drop in" luckily just in time to see a football match or much-fancied play! This will prove hard on your tea and sugar rations. But purely television friendships don't last long—the friend soon ends up with a set of his own!

Biggest problem of all may prove the children. The lure of the television screen is as powerful as that of the cinema screen. From the age of seven upwards they are apparently irresistibly drawn like moths to

a candle, quite regardless of what the programme is. Homework, exercise and everything else is in danger of being neglected in favour of viewing. Every home has to solve this problem in its own way. Strict rationing of viewing time, a "no viewing until homework is done" rule, insistence on bedtime being kept, even if it comes in the middle of a play, even apparent sabotage of the television set may have to be tried. If you really get desperate and disheartened, take comfort from the experience of other parents who have found that the attraction of television diminishes steadily if slowly with familiarity. That goes for the grown-ups too. For the first

Television Will Change Your Life!

month or two you feel impelled to look at every programme. As time goes on you become more and more discriminating and even "walk-out" in the middle of a play if it strikes you as missing fire.

These are some of the changes television brings about and the problems it produces. Its influence in the next decade is likely to be at least as far-reaching as that of sound broadcasting in the 'twenties.

END

Shropshire Lad—With A Difference (Continued from page 28)

so far as he cared that was how they went. In September, 1819, in a successful contest he was returned as Member of Parliament for Shrewsbury; he resigned to "devote more time to life." It was, possibly, one of the maddest acts of "Mad" Mytton, and of the friends who encouraged him, to spend £10,000 to obtain his seat which he is said to have occupied for only thirty minutes. So far as politics were concerned, he told an acquaintance: "I have absolutely no opinion upon the subject!" And so, once more, he returned to his beloved Halston . . . where the stables and horse-box doors were covered with light blue painted plates recording the careers of forty-five horses which between them had won no less than 165 races. At midnight that same day he went duck-shooting on a frozen lake clad only in his day shirt—and returned with an enormous "bag."

Then, to the amazement of all who knew him, after a lightning courtship he married again, but the partnership was short-lived. His wife went away leaving a brief note: "I can't help loving him, with all his faults." Left at last without a restraining hand, his exploits became fantastically wild. But by the end of that year he had done with the turf; in the year that followed he was to turn his back forever on Halston. In a detailed announcement, *The Times* carried the sale advertisement of Mytton's personal effects, and a friend recorded: "Better he had never lived, than to have to taste these bitter moments which in future must be his portion. He who towered like the cedar will now be trampled upon like the bramble, and perhaps neglected by those whom his bounty once fed." On November 5, 1831, "Mad" Mytton arrived in Calais . . . the once active, vigorous Squire of Halston staggered into a hostelry decrepit, sunken and shrunken in stature, a mere ghost . . . a mockery of a man! Back in England, he said, bailiffs were "hard at my brush!" Then, thrusting out his wrists, he said: "Look at these marks . . . they hand-

cuffed me!" He caught his breath; in a passion bordering on hysteria, he cried: "I'll have my wife back . . . I'll have her yet at my side!"

That night, undressing for bed, he was seized with a violent attack of hiccoughs. "Damn them," he said, "I'll frighten 'em away!" and seized a lighted candle, applied it to his shirt, and was instantly enveloped in flames. He was saved from immediate death by two men who rushed into his room, threw him to the floor, tearing his clothing from his body bit by bit. And as he writhed in agony on the bed, Mytton cried: "I said so—the hiccup's gone, by God!"

His body, legs, arms and face were fearfully burned; he was treated by a doctor who applied palliatives, yet he made no sign of pain, nor did he speak save to greet a well-wisher with an agonized "View-halloa!" For five weeks he lay bedridden, then, supported by two servants, visited a friend who told him: "Your doctor assures me you will be dead in three days unless you give up drinking brandy." "So much the better," he replied. "I am ready to die."

Attendants were dispatched from England to care for him, and for a while he remained in a chateau, battling against death. As if by a miracle, much of his old vigour came back; meals were taken with relish, sleep came to him as to a babe. He wandered along golden sands, finding delight and joy in everything he saw . . . this man who had spent a fortune seeking—in vain—what the whole world had appeared insufficient to provide. Then, in a nightmare cavalcade of events, the last curtain fell on "Mad" Mytton.

Foolishly recalled to England, to sign deeds conveying away the last remaining acre of his unentailed property, with every bailiff in London on the watch for him, he sought refuge at Halston; arrested as a debtor he was jailed at Shrewsbury, in the care of Governor Griffiths who owed his position to his prisoner through whose former influence

and personal exertions Griffiths secured the governorship. On a writ of certiorari Mytton was then conveyed to London, in the custody of Griffiths, and delivered up to the Marshal of the King's Bench.

It is not known how long he remained here in confinement, but on release "Mad" Mytton walked slowly across Westminster Bridge and met a girl of some twenty years who, from her looks, had been betrayed by a former lover. She was "Susan." That was all Mytton knew, or asked of her. He craved the companionship of a woman . . . and she had smiled at him! That night he took her with him—back again to Calais. And there, two days later, he was arrested for debt, the amount being no more than £25 which he had secured for a "friend"; released, and threatened with arrest in the matter of another bill for one thousand francs, he was re-arrested for a further debt of £200, confined to jail for fourteen days, and then repatriated to England. And there, arrested for the last time, thrown into the King's Bench Prison, at the age of thirty-eight years on March 29, 1834, "Mad" Mytton died. . . .

They carried his broken body through ranks of the North Shropshire Cavalry, of which regiment he had been major, through silent crowds. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* noted: "A mourning peal was rung at Oswestry, and the bells of Shrewsbury, Ellesmere, Whittington, Halston and elsewhere tolled throughout the day. The number of spectators was immense, and the road along which the procession slowly moved was bedewed with the tears of thousands who wished to have a last glance."

"Mad" Mytton, perhaps the greatest eccentric in English history, was buried under the communion table of Halston Chapel, surrounded by the coffins of twelve of his illustrious relatives. He left everything to his only child by his first wife. His everything was—nothing!

END

Other Ways With Shell Fish

with two or three shrimps and tiny pieces of lemon cut in triangles.

SHRIMP ROUNDS

Ingredients: Rounds of fried bread; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint parsley sauce; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint shelled shrimps; seasoning.

Heat shrimps through in the sauce which should be thick. Pile on to rounds of fried bread. If available garnish with asparagus tips or sprigs of watercress.

CRAB OR PRAWN CURRY

Ingredients: 1 large crab or about 20 prawns; 2 shallots, peeled and finely

chopped; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint mild curry sauce; seasoning; 1 small apple, peeled and cored and chopped; 4 oz. rice or riced macaroni.

Remove all meat from crab, including claws; in the case of prawns, remove skins. Fry shallot and apple in a little margarine for a few minutes. Add crab or prawns and fry a further few minutes. Add sauce made with good teaspoonful of curry powder, simmer all gently 10 to 15 minutes. Meanwhile, boil and drain rice. Dish up curry with border of rice garnished with lemon butterflies.

LOBSTER CUPS

Ingredients: 1 tin lobster or fresh lobster; 1 oz. gelatine; $\frac{1}{2}$ gill top of milk; lemon juice; seasoning.

Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water, add milk, a flavouring of lemon juice and a few drips of cochineal for colouring. Add sieved or minced lobster. Fill well-wetted dairrole tins or small cups. When set, turn out on top of individual fresh salads. Garnish each with a round of cucumber on top.

END

Round The Clock With Pancakes (Continued from page 55)

well-seasoned, add rabbit. Heat through gently. Prepare batter. Make a walnut of fat smoking-hot in omelette pan. Make pancakes small and when cooked place a spoonful of rabbit mixture in centre of each; sprinkle with a little chopped chive. Roll up and serve very hot.

SCOTCH PANCAKES DE LUXE

These Scotch pancakes can be varied in

flavour. Orange or lemon juice and a little grated rind may be added to batter; a little cinnamon mixed in with the flour or chopped dates.

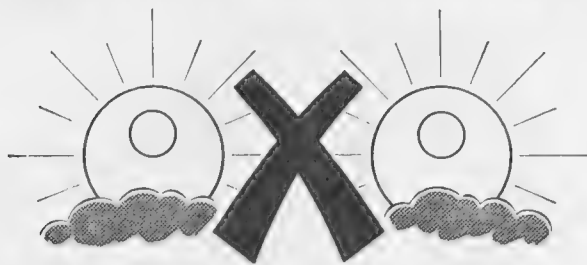
PANCAKE MIXTURE

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour (plain); 1 oz. sugar; pinch salt; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; 1 egg; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, sour milk, or milk and water.

Mix dry ingredients. Beat egg in a bowl. Gradually beat in flour mixture and milk. Batter should be thick. Have girdle or thick frying-pan warmed and greased. Drop dessertspoonfuls of mixture on girdle. When bubbles appear on scone turn and cook other side. Should be cooked quickly on hot girdle.

END

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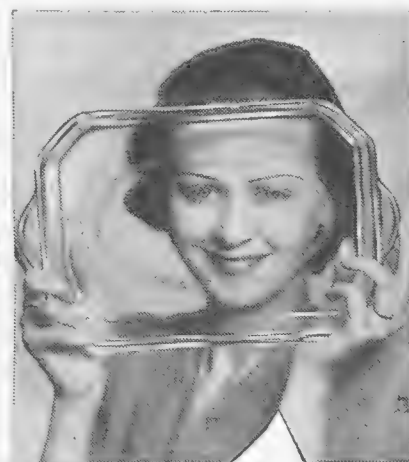
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Fair Isle Sweater (Continued from page 50)

until 6 patterns have been worked (91 sts.).

SHAPE NECK (all in white)

K. 40 sts. Cast off 11. K. on the last 40 sts. Knitting 2 tog. at beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of every row 3 times. Return to remaining 40 sts. and work to correspond.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 110 sts in white. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 ribbing for 4 ins. On the last row inc. in every 10th st. (120 sts.). Rib last 10 sts.

Change to No. 9 needles.

Continue now in st.st. and all white wool until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge (1 row k., 1 row p.).

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of next 2 armhole end rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following row until 90 sts. remain. this finishes armhole dec.

Divide sts. for back opening.

Work 45 sts., put remaining 45 sts. on to a spare needle. Work on the first 45 sts. until armhole measures the same as front.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Cast off 15 sts. Return to the remaining sts. and work to correspond.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 45 sts in white. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and st.st. Work 2 ins., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row until 60 sts., then every 6th row until 80 sts. Then every

4th row until 90 sts. Then every alternate row until 116 sts. and work measures 18½ ins. from cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every row until 36 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE NECK RIBBING

With No. 12 needles cast on 134 sts. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, easing at the top. Sew on neckband. With a medium size crochet hook, work 5 rows d.c. down left side of back opening, 1 row down right side, making 3 ch. for 6 loops (1 in neckband). Sew on buttons opposite the loops.

With A Fancy Yoke (Continued from page 50)

measures 5½ ins. (ending on 4th row of patt.).

SHAPE NECK

Work 43, cast off 11, work 43. Work on the last 43 sts. for 2½ ins. At the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 37 remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining 5 sts. Return to the remaining 43 sts. and work to correspond (joining wool at neck edge).

BACK (all stocking stitch)

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and st.st.

Continue inc. each end of the 7th and every 4th row following until 120 sts. and work measures 14 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Work 1 in. Divide sts. for back opening.

Work 45 sts. (place remaining 45 sts. on spare needle). Work on the 45 sts. until armhole measures 7½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Cast off remaining sts. Return to the 45 sts. on spare needle. Work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 56 sts. Rib 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles.

Work in st.st., inc. each end of the 7th and every following 4th row until 100 sts. and the sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the cast-off edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then dec. each end of every alternate row until 46 sts. Then dec. both ends of the next 12 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Cast on with No. 12 needles 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neckband.

With a No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of d.c. each side of back opening. Work button loops on right side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Britain's Loneliest Islands (Continued from page 37)

And so to St. Kilda, forty miles to the south-west. I well remember how my blood stirred when, from a small island off the west coast of North Uist, I looked out to the Atlantic one afternoon and saw, far out beyond the rocky stacks of the Haskeirs, the smooth grey whale's head and flukes of St. Kilda, and eastward the toothed stack of Borerag, sharply silhouetted against a dark steel-blue sea; for if St. Kilda has stolen the limelight, unfairly perhaps, from such island outposts as Rona and Sula Sgeir, she has done so by virtue of being the loneliest of all inhabited islands off Britain. Inhabited, that is, until twenty years ago, when the forty surviving St. Kildans found it no longer possible to endure as a primitive

community in a modern civilization, and were evacuated to the Ross-shire mainland.

Moreover, St. Kilda was unique in the size of her community, upwards of 200 strong at one time, and also, for the past one hundred years, in her modern (by comparison) "street" of stone-built, tarred-roofed, three-roomed cottages, complete with chimneys, set a little way back from the splendid sweep of Village Bay. St. Kilda is unique in another respect also. Though an oceanic island, like the others, she is no mere overgrown "rock," but a very Atlantis, for the sixteen hundred acres of the inhabited largest of her seven islands and stacks are enormously exaggerated by the spacious grandeur and height of her hills, which tower

up behind the village to a height of nearly 1,400 feet, and then plunge almost sheer down to the ocean on their far side.

And now Atlantis, for the first time in history, is deserted. The neat houses which replaced the beehives—built above ground here, though still with entrance tunnel—are already crumbling beneath the stress of wind and rain. The little Soay sheep—the only wild sheep in Britain—shelter in their roofless ruins, while the gannets on the neighbouring stacks rear their fat gugas, unmolested. The pity of it!

END

The illustrations which accompany this article are from "Island Going" by Robert Atkinson and are reproduced by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Collins.

Madagascar (Continued from page 24)

Suarez off the north coast—a name that recalls the island's first discovery by the Portuguese in 1500—they have built the best naval station outside France. Since it fitted in so well with their strategy of empire, being on the sea route from Africa to Indo-China, the French lavished ten years' expenditure and toil on the base. Which was not surprising, for it includes one of the world's finest natural harbours, protected from the open seas by a chain of mountains 5,000 feet high, and large enough to shelter all the Great Powers' navies at once.

To Frenchmen Madagascar is the pearl of the Indian Ocean, the "only place in the world where gold is to be found that is not in British hands." They treasure it, furthermore because the resources of its great forested area still wait development. Because Madagascar is, speaking mineralogically, a land with a future full of infinite, uncharted promise.

Of few of the world's large, relatively well-populated islands can it be said that they are self-supporting as to food. This is true of Madagascar, yet life for the peasants is a

constant struggle against the creeping jungle. The climate of all but the upper regions is heavy and humid. Each fall of rain brings out thousands of leeches which climb up walkers' legs, and the thick mud sticks to the boots like glue. I was told on a pre-war visit that the island had produced for eager flora-hunters the largest toadstool botanists had ever set eyes on. It weighed twenty-five pounds. After sampling these sodden jungles the discovery did not surprise me. The same steaming conditions cause the flaming hibiscus to bloom the year round, and the blue-flowered plumbago to run wild among coconut, screw and raffia palms, giant ferns and tapering bamboos. The last of these provides, among other things, the hollowed-out poles in which the natives carry their water.

An odd thing about Madagascar is that, although the island was once joined to the African mainland, the wild growth on both seems to have little in common. Rather, Madagascar's plant life is eastern in type, as are the island's ethnical origins, Malagasies

springing mainly from Malayo-Polynesian stock, with which they have many affinities. The native population of about four millions is made up of seven large tribes, most of them intensely superstitious, with a philosophy based on a disproportionate worship of the dead past, which may account for their extraordinary burial customs.

Tanalas, a hill tribe, whose lovely eyed young women are often handsome even by western standards, have charms for all those functions for which civilized folk employ doctors, weapons and common sense. They range from beads to beetles and bones, kept carefully wrapped and boxed. So intense is the reverential fear of the Antanosies for the spirits of departed relatives that they often call their children by evil-sounding names to encourage the goblins to leave the youngsters alone. There is a fanatical belief in lucky and unlucky days. Although the French forbid it on pain of severe punishment, there still goes on in remote parts the pagan practice of burying Thursday-born babies alive under ant heaps.

(Continued on page 78)

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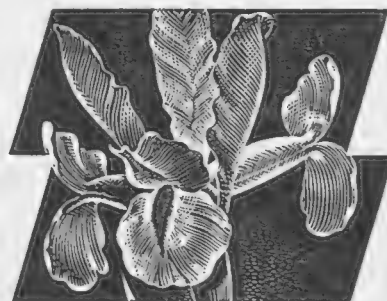
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Morning
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The unhealthy fear of the spirits of the dead reflects most markedly on the burial customs. The Mahafaly bury their dead, as did the ancient Britons, in family tombs beneath large cairns. These are adorned with the horns of cattle herds belonging to the entombed, which have been sacrificed at the internees' death, mainly to provide a weeks'-long buffalo feast for the relatives and friends. Hova and Betsileo families have an unsavoury custom of disinterring their dead before each winter to re-wrap the bodies in new hand-woven lambas. The point of this is to keep the spirits warm, and so discourage them from haunting their kinsfolk. So rife is this practice of "bone-turning" that the French Government cannot stop it, though they have succeeded in limiting it by heavily taxing the ceremony. It is thus hoped in time to end the custom, since the reopening of the graves disturbs colonies of rats which then roam the country, spreading epidemic plague.

When Diego Diaz first reported his discovery, the King of Portugal decided that the island must be Madagascar. He had read of it in Marco Polo's "Voyages," in which the Venetian adventurer gave it the name of Mogadisho, a kingdom on the east coast of Africa, garbling the word to Madagascar. For Polo had never actually been there; his informants were Arabs, whose ancestors over three centuries before (hence the Arabian Nights) had come to the island, remaining to play a prominent part in its civic administration. Though they did not intermarry with the natives, they grafted their civilization upon what little existed of the older indigenous culture. For example, Malagasy days

of the week are Arabic in origin, and are used all over Madagascar.

For some three hundred years after the sporadic Portuguese influence on the island, only missionaries went into Madagascar, though parts were used by Kidd, Avery, Plantain and others as a pirate refuge. Plantain so successfully waged war against the tribes along the south coast that he felt competent to proclaim himself King of Madagascar. For many years its native rulers were women—the Ranavalos of the Hova tribe. The Hova are the most cultured of all Malagasies, yet one of their stern queens had fantastic notions. Relicts of some of them remain. Tananarive, the capital (then Antananarivo) is still largely a city of unfinished buildings because of a law that every newly-finished house could be claimed by the sovereign. Most houses were therefore left in some respect uncompleted. Another quaint dictat was that some aspect of all public buildings must bear some relation to the length of the outstretched regal arms.

The last act of the island's last monarch, Queen Ranavalao III, was to threaten to expel all the missionaries. Most of them were British, and Queen Victoria therefore sought to dissuade her. But the influential pawn in the manoeuvre was James Cameron, a Scots artisan-missioner, who cleverly manipulated Ranavalao's interest in soap-making. If Cameron could conjure a cake of the wonder product of which she had heard, she promised to allow the missionaries to stay. Thereupon the canny Scot made a tablet of sorts from sand, water, oil and fat. The

queen kept her pledge, and the missionaries remained.

French influence descended on Madagascar almost like thunder. The island had long attracted the interest of French traders, and settlers established themselves at Tuléar as early as 1578. But it was not until 1890 that Frenchmen took the island seriously. Then they came in force. Within six years they had vanquished the Hova, who proved stubborn fighters, exiled the queen, and appointed a governor-general. At the time ninety per cent of the country was unexplored, ninety-three per cent of its commerce was in foreign hands, and nearly all the subordinate officials spoke English.

Had the Japanese thought it expedient in the last war to invade Madagascar before the British arrived, the island's ill-equipped force of 30,000 men, including 20,000 Malagasy tirailleurs, would have proved inadequate protection for a territory of 230,000 square miles. Furthermore, up to 10,000 Jap traders were by then settled along the coast, doubtless forming a firmly established Fifth Column. So clever are the Japanese at this kind of infiltration that the French administration had actually considered giving them seats on the local councils. French and European settlers and Malagasies themselves objected strongly to this proposal. The objections were sustained, but the Japanese, though administratively unrepresented, are still stoutly entrenched running shops, laundries, cinemas and cafés.

END

Armstrong Gives Up Smoking (Continued from page 35)

into his study she gave the money-box a greedy little shake to see how heavy it was. Anyway, now they would not hear of his smoking again. He was looking much younger, they said; and even if he had put on weight he was a much better colour. Why go through the hard part and give everything up when the going was easy?

Armstrong left the luncheon table with the impression that his wife and daughter both considered that they had a vested interest in the money-box. That impression was confirmed that evening when Carolyn came into his study, gave the money-box a shake, and sat down affectionately on the arm of his chair.

"Pity you're losing your nice figure, Daddy!" she began.

Armstrong hedged. He did not know quite what kind of attack was coming.

"Well, you and your mother seem determined to make me get fatter and fatter."

Carolyn put her head on one side.

"I know. But I've been thinking it over. And I'll back you up with mother if you're reasonable."

"Reasonable?"

"Well, you must have saved at least twelve pounds by now."

"And what have you got in mind that would cost twelve pounds?"

"Oh, nothing. As a matter of fact I've got eight pounds saved. But the three-piece suit I want is twenty."

Armstrong laughed.

"Nothing doing, Carolyn dear. I've got my own ideas about that money-box."

"What are they, Daddy?"

"A new car."

"But what kind of a new car will you get for twelve pounds?"

"None at all. But in four or five years time. . . ."

Carolyn got up languidly and gave the money-box a short glance.

"I think you're wonderful, Daddy," she said. Then she added sweetly. "The only thing wrong is that by the time you get the car you'll be too fat to get into it and much too old to drive."

THOSE few words from his daughter's lips rankled in Armstrong's mind. They rankled because there was a nasty little barb

of truth in them. Five years was a long time to go on saving, and the novelty of his virtuous behaviour was already wearing off. He no longer had any particular craving for tobacco, but neither did he get any kick from putting the two half-crowns in the money-box. It all seemed rather empty and silly and childish. However, he held his ground for another six weeks by which time his trousers were tighter than ever. Then when his savings had nearly reached the £25 mark and he had almost decided to hand over the whole amount to his wife, he suddenly realized that the Grand National was being run in a fortnight's time.

When the idea first occurred to him he recognized it as the crudest form of temptation and put it away from him. He would have his usual ten shillings on the race and not a penny more. Not a penny more, he repeated. But he did begin to ask odd people if they had any tips for the race. The caddy-master suggested Aston Villa and the steward Solitaire, while Colonel Forrester announced that he never wasted his money on bookies. By this time the temptation was edging its way into his mind again. Wouldn't it be grand to do things on a big scale for once! Wasn't that the way how successful men started? One good coup and everything was easy. And didn't they call £25 a pony or something! Wasn't that a leading?

Again he pushed the temptation aside, but he knew he was weakening. If he could only find a winner at 20 to 1, which was quite modest for the National, there was the new car ready for him to drive. Now while he was still young enough! And even if he lost the money, they would really all be happier. Those savings in the money-box were just upsetting his wife and Carolyn. They wouldn't be thinking of curtains and three-piece suits if it wasn't there.

By the end of the week the temptation was working so insidiously that there were only two things undecided. One was whether he should do it secretly or tell his wife and daughter. And the other was which horse he should back.

Then one evening Carolyn came into his study again. She did not shake the money-box this time, just gave it a casual glance.

"Got a tip for the National, Daddy?" she asked.

Armstrong was on his guard.

"I believe Solitaire is pretty good," he replied.

Carolyn sniffed!

"That's the favourite. What's the good of a favourite at 6 to 1?"

"Quite a lot of good," Armstrong said. "If it wins! Know of anything better?"

"Yes, Backslider."

"It's not a very happy name for a National horse!"

"I can't help that. Anyway it's 25 to 1, and it's a cert."

Armstrong looked at her closely. 25 to 1 was just what he wanted.

"Where did you get this tip from?" he asked.

"A boy friend."

"Which boy friend?"

"Oh, a new one."

"H'm. Well, I shouldn't risk more than half a crown."

Carolyn glanced at the money-box.

"It's such an absolute cert," she announced, "that I'm going to put all my savings on it."

Armstrong instantly became paternal.

"Now, Carolyn, you're not to do that. It would be very foolish."

"But there's a fur coat wanted now Daddy."

"You don't need a fur coat or a three-piece suit. I absolutely forbid it."

"But they're my savings, Daddy. What's the good of saving unless you do something with it in the end?"

Armstrong found that a difficult one to answer, but in the end he did extract a promise from Carolyn that she would not put her savings on Backslider. And that left him in rather a quandary about his own intentions. Having been so firm with Carolyn, could he now put his own savings on Solitaire or any other horse? Morally, he thought not. It was indefensible whether he won or lost. But he still had that hankering for a real gamble. What was worse, he kept hearing Backslider mentioned as a good long shot during the next few days. If Backslider won and he hadn't backed it, he knew that he would never forgive himself. The possibility of losing his money seemed a mild risk compared with that prospect of continual self-reproach. With that thought in his head it was a losing battle; and when the odds on Backslider *(Continued on page 80)*



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BE/2

shortened to 20 to 1, he could bear it no longer. He counted the money out—it was £25 exactly—and put every penny of it on Backslider to win only. He managed to appease his conscience at this time by pretending that he was doing it for Carolyn; but he knew perfectly well that if he won, it was he who was going to have the new car and not Carolyn who was going to have the fur coat. And he could not bring himself to confess his guilty secret either to Carolyn or his wife. When they gathered round the wireless at three o'clock on the Saturday afternoon the only admitted financial interest in the race was the half-crown which Mrs. Armstrong had put each way on Aston Villa.

THE wireless set, like the car, was an old one, and Armstrong had some difficulty in getting it tuned in. As he twisted the knob this way and that, he decided that he would give the family a new wireless set with his winnings before buying the new car for himself. He was beginning to wish that he had backed Backslider for a place as well as to win.

Then suddenly he was on the right station. "Well, here we are at Aintree," came the announcer's voice. "It must be a record crowd and a record number of umbrellas. Real National weather! But the rain's let off for a moment, and you can see the course fairly well. But it will be heavy going, and I should say it's anybody's race. What do you think, Johnny?"

Johnny said: "Yes, Frank, it's anybody's race," and there followed some backchat which was not of much interest. But then a moment later the runners were coming out on parade.

"Here they come now, and it's raining again. Tomboy's the first, then Sioux and Pleasant Journey. And here's the favourite, Solitaire. As cool as a cucumber Solitaire. Shouldn't be surprised if he pulls it off! Now Marathon and Hot Summer and Aston Villa. They're all coming out. Backslider now! Looks a bit nervous, Backslider. Give trouble at the start probably, but he's a fine jumper when he gets going...."

The rest of the runners did not interest the family, but Armstrong had noticed a gleam in Carolyn's eye when Solitaire was mentioned and he looked at her sharply.

"Have you got some money on Solitaire, Carolyn?"

Carolyn did not commit herself.

"Are you on Backslider, Daddy?" she countered.

Armstrong frowned, and Mrs. Armstrong suddenly remarked.

"I really don't know why I chose Aston Villa."

A moment later they were off and in the excitement Armstrong lit his first cigarette without noticing it.

Now came the announcer's voice breathlessly.

"A good start! I've never seen a better start. They're all in a bunch for the first jump. There they go! Aston Villa and Happy Days and Solitaire.... They're all over now, Aston Villa leading. Now the second jump. Still Aston Villa.... But somebody's down. Is it Backslider, Johnny?"

Armstrong groaned audibly; but then came the other voice:

"No, Frank, Backslider's still there at the rear. It's Hot Summer that's down. And it's Aston Villa and Happy Days leading, with Sioux third. Solitaire's dropped back to sixth."

Mrs. Armstrong was looking rather smug, while Armstrong and Carolyn were both very taut and grim.

Then came another voice from the Canal Turn. A broad northern voice.

"They're just at the turn now. Sioux's leading, but he's lost his rider. Aston Villa still going strong. Happy Days pecked at that last one and lost two lengths. Solitaire going well, but away behind.... By gum! That was a smash! Two of them down together. Marathon's one of them.... But the riders are all right. Just got clear."

So it went on from one announcer to another. From Canal Turn to Becher's Brook and back to the water jump in front of the stands; and there Aston Villa, who was leading by four lengths, took an imperial toss almost in full view of poor Mrs. Armstrong and was out of the race.

"Bad luck, Mummy!" Carolyn said kindly, and Mrs. Armstrong placidly went on with her knitting.

Now, the second time round, there were only five in it and Armstrong had lit his second cigarette. He and Carolyn were both taking every jump in their chairs, for it was Happy Days and Tomboy now, with Solitaire and Pleasant Journey and Backslider in a bunch behind. Then the second time at the Canal Turn Pleasant Journey went down and only the four were left. Surely out of those four either Backslider or Solitaire must win!

Armstrong Gives Up Smoking

Armstrong looked across at Carolyn's bright excited eyes and wondered how much she had put on. Very wrong of her, he thought. She gave me a promise.

Only four more jumps to go and it was Happy Days, Solitaire, Tomboy and Backslider. But Backslider was coming up! The new car was there in the showroom. He was getting into it, feeling for the starter, touching the gears.... Two jumps to go. Happy Days, Solitaire, Backslider and Tomboy. Then for a moment Backslider was in front, then Solitaire, then Solitaire and then Backslider.

At the last jump Armstrong's heart was thumping, and so was Backslider's. He cleared it, but he was falling back again. And it was Solitaire and Happy Days and Tomboy and Backslider. In the straight it was Solitaire all the way, Solitaire! Solitaire!! And Backslider was only fourth!

Armstrong groaned and lit his third cigarette. Hell, he thought; but it wouldn't have made any difference if I had backed it each way!

Then as he stared glumly at the cigarette ends and thought of the vanity of all human endeavour, Carolyn came over and kissed him on the cheek.

"Nice of you to give me Solitaire as a tip, Daddy," she said.

Armstrong glared at her.

"Nice of you to give me Backslider!"

"Did you have much on, daddy?"

"Only the whole £25 I'd saved."

Mrs. Armstrong looked up severely.

"Kenneth, really!"

"I know. I was a fool. But I wanted the car now."

Carolyn looked from one to the other.

"I don't know what we're all being so glum about," she said. "We're well up on the face after all."

"What do you mean?" Armstrong asked.

"I put my savings—£8—on Solitaire, and that at 6 to 1 is £48!"

Armstrong tried to look shocked.

"But, Carolyn, you promised!"

"I promised not to put it on Backslider, and I didn't. It's really a bit of luck for all of us. The fur coat I wanted was sold yesterday, so Mummy can have the money for the curtains.... And as Daddy's started smoking again, we can all be happy and normal once more."

END

Books (Continued from page 38)

crazy drive to Berchtesgaden with Hess at the wheel! A well-written record of a public man's contacts at high levels, with intimate stories of Lloyd George, Churchill, Birkenhead ("F.E.").

BORN in Bow, Marsland Gander graduated from local paper to *Daily Telegraph* war correspondent and radio critic. "After These Many Guests" (MacDonald, 15s.) is a brisk account of his journalistic travels and the many important "stories" he covered. In New York he saw a woman leading a pet deer along busy East 55th Street, a down-and-out asleep on his feet against the bars of a gorilla's cage in Central Park, a dirigible circling with advertisements and news flashing from it. He has an eye for the arresting and unusual, and takes one behind the press-show.

TWO good books for lovers of historical biography: Norah Loft's "Women in the Old Testament" and Elizabeth Jenkins' "Six Criminal Women": Rachel Levenson the beauty specialist; Alice Perrers, Edward III's mistress; Jane Webb, pick-pocket; Lady Essex; Lady Theodosia Ivie; Mrs. Bravo and Mrs. Cox of the "Balham Mystery." (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d. each.)

IS it wise, when you are a humdrum bank official with a staid wife and a home and two bossy children, to return to your old hometown? John P. Marquand's hero does it in "Point of No Return" (Hale, 10s. 6d.)

and mourns nostalgically for his lost youth, the girl he could not marry because she was above him socially. A flashback to his life there emphasizes the gulf between what he is and might have been, giving point to a masterly study of U.S. middle-class small-town society.

PAUL, the persecutor of the Christians, who suffered that dramatic conversion on the road to Damascus is the hero of Sholem Asch's "The Apostle" (MacDonald, 15s.), a novel which makes not only the Scriptural background live, but the Roman one of Nero with its lions and sacrificial martyrs. Here is one of the world's greatest stories in 750 packed pages, by a writer who understands the motives underlying the religious conflicts of the time.

MONICA DICKENS does not trouble about a cohesive plot in "Flowers on the Grass" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). Her moody artist drifts restlessly, aimlessly, alcoholically after losing his wife in a mishap with an electric kettle—through squalid hotels, lodgings, and eventually hospital, contacting car crooks and other queer fish on the way and finding refuge at last with a young war-widow with a son. This picaresque odyssey is entertaining; it has bright flashes of character and situation, but leaves one wondering what she would make of a slowly deeply wrought psychological theme on a solid foundation.

DORNFORD YATES'S "Cost Price" (Ward Lock, 10s. 6d.) is a vintage Chandos adventure, this time on the trail of dazzling Papal jewels secreted in an Austrian castle and menaced by crooks, with no lack of gaiety.

IN Vicky Lancaster's "All Past Years" (Hale, 8s. 6d.) the glitter of Dublin Castle society in the '70s shines on the love romances of three girls and the glamour of a social era.

The problems of a girl in a wealthy U.S. Irish-Catholic family who marries a Protestant are delineated with acute sympathy in Ellen Berlin's "Lace Curtain" (Hammond, 10s. 6d.), which shows her at convent school, coming-out parties, then in love and as the mother of two children. The relations of the family with their neighbours are subtly drawn.

HELEN MACINNES' "Rest and Be Thankful" (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) poses the lighter problems of a woman with a "genius for complicating life—not only her own... but also the lives of others who didn't want them complicated at all." She takes a house attached to a Wyoming ranch, invites budding writers to stay there, and finds she is up against a hornets' nest of "temperaments" and love affairs. Lit'ry folk and tough cowhands make a rare mixture of sentiment with satire!

END



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